

From the British Quarterly Review.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. London. Longman & Co. 1850.

POOR Tom Moore, he had so long ceased to be one of us, that it needed his death to put us in mind of his existence in our days. For seventeen years or more he had, so far as the public knew, laid aside his pen, leaving the literary field open to younger or more persevering writers; for three years he had been in a state of senile childishness, recovery from which was impossible; and when, on the 26th of February last, he died at the cottage in Wiltshire, where he had resided in quiet privacy for a third part of his whole life, only one of his London friends went to see his remains interred in the neighboring church-yard. But though he had been thus detached from the connections of the present so long as to stand associated rather with the past generation than with this, few heard with indifference that Tom Moore was gone. Passing from the thought of him as the disabled old man of seventy-two, tended like an infant in a remote English cottage, people imagined him again as he was in his prime, the guest of Holland House, the companion of Byron and Scott, the pride and pet of the whigs, the brilliant little light of a period passed away.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

So sang Byron thirty-five years ago; and so, on another kind of parting, may we say also. We, too, are hasting on towards new scenes and things, in the midst of which, we may be sure, Tom Moore and all that he was will be a daily decreasing recollection; let us turn back, therefore, ere we go, and make the last look at the little fellow a long one.

Moore will be remembered in England chiefly as the song-writer of artificial life. He was preëminently the poet of the festive hour in polished social circles. The productions in which his talent rose to the rank of a peculiar gift were his verses written to be sung, or to be imagined as sung, by the human voice in scenes of gay and genial intercourse, where, with the wine-bowl in the midst, men meet each other to blend wit and sentiment; or where, to add to the more feminine witchery of light, and flowers, and bright eyes, there is required the charm of appropriate music. The element of Moore as a poet, we repeat, was the festive; not the festive either, in all its extent, but the festive of modern life amid the elegancies of rooms and cities. It was with a translation of the Odes of Anacreon in his hand that he first came over to London, a scholarly young Irishman, bent on literary distinction; and all his life he was true to that beginning. In the collected edition of his poetical works, indeed, the contents, taken as a whole, distribute themselves into three portions, differing somewhat in kind—his narrative poems of *Lalla Rookh* and *The Loves of the Angels*; a variety of *political squibs and satires*, written in the

interest of the whigs, between 1809 and 1832; and his numerous *songs, or lyrical pieces*, published at various times during his literary life. But the truest and most special effusions of his genius were his songs, and it is by these that he will be best remembered.

The readers of *Lalla Rookh* are becoming fewer and fewer; and yet the poem is as agreeable a specimen of narrative in verse as one could wish to take up to beguile an evening of lassitude or leisure. Moore himself tells the circumstances in which it was schemed and composed; and the story, in these days of grumbling between publishers and authors, is worthy of being quoted.

It was about the year 1812 that, impelled far more by the encouraging suggestions of friends than impelled by any confident promptings of my own ambition, I was induced to attempt a poem upon some oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's late triumphs in that form had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman in the same year, but, from some causes which have now escaped my recollection, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after that any further steps were taken in the matter, their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I had any communication upon the subject. On this last occasion, an old friend of mine, Mr. Perry, kindly offered to lend me the aid of his advice and presence in the interview which I was about to hold with the Messrs. Longman, for the arrangement of our mutual terms, and what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom occurred any transaction in which trade and poetry have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place between the two parties may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry—enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite—"that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his poem the largest price that has been given in our day for such a work." "That was," answered the Messrs. Longman, "three thousand guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry; "and no less a sum ought he to receive." It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the poem; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But no; the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter was that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me; but to the honor and glory of romance—as well on the publisher's side as the poet's—this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my poem. At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling within myself, while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this "auguring hope" became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year

1816, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows:—"We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honorable." I continued to pursue my task for another year, being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance during the period employed in writing *Lalla Rookh*. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the publishers.

This story of the way in which *Lalla Rookh* came to be written is a kind of indication to the critic in what class of compositions he is to place the poem. It is not to be placed along with the compositions of Wordsworth, Shelley, or Keats, nor is it to be tried by the same tests that are applied to compositions of that order. It is simply a romance, or rather a series of romances, in verse, written for the purpose of pleasing that portion of the public who like the genial entertainment of literature, and are willing to pay for a continual supply of it. At the time when it was written, poetry, and, above all, narrative poetry, was the literary form chiefly in fashion, and best paid for by publishers.

Then Murray with his Miller did combine,
To yield the Muse just half a crown per line.

The metrical romances of Scott, in particular, had given an impulse to this kind of literary activity, just as his subsequent prose romances helped to set that fashion of the novel which has continued longer in favor. It is natural and necessary that the literary talent of a country should thus have its successive modes; that, at one time, the best talent should set, as in Queen Elizabeth's time, towards the drama; at another towards the essay; at another towards the metrical romance; and, at another, towards the novel, whether in three volumes or in serial numbers. But while the favor shown some forty years ago to the poetical form of composition over any other, served but as an indirect encouragement to poets like Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose minds followed a higher rule than that of the obvious book-market; and while even the more popular Byron was led by his own independent bent, and had the large sums paid him for his poems thrust upon him, in spite of his original intention never to receive money for what he wrote; Moore's *Lalla Rookh* was, confessedly, a direct inspiration of the Row. Scott had got a thousand guineas for his *Marmion*, and large sums for his other poems; and Moore was induced, by the persuasion of his friends, to attempt something in the same line. There was, of course, no disgrace in this, any more than in Ben Jonson's turning his attention to the drama because others had made money by it; the only question is, how far the performance proved the determination to have been fortunate.

Within the bounds of his general resolution to produce a poetical romance in quarto, after the example of Scott, Moore certainly did consult his own powers and tastes. Leaving the feudal and all its associations to his contemporary, he put comparison, as regards the subject of his composition, out of the question, by going away to the oriental. While the stalwart imagination of the Scottish ro-

mancist was at home in the feudal past, so that it moved amid castles, and abbeys, and donjon-keeps, and knights in armor, and stout yeomen, and all the et ceteras of the Teutonic antique, as familiarly as if they were things of to-day, the Anacreontic little bard of Ireland felt that in that region he could do nothing. His element must be one in which a fancy accustomed to the graceful, and the artificially luxurious, could work; the background and the circumstantials must consist of such things as moonlit gardens, terraces, alcoves, porphyry pillars, silken canopies, moresques, crimson couches, marble fountains, and lamps of perfumed oil; while the favorite living figures that would appear amid all this magnificence would be imaginary fair ones of all kinds—light-haired blue-eyed, dark-haired dove-eyed, or black-eyed raven-ringed, beauties. It hardly needed the recollection of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* to suggest to such a poet that he should lay his scenes in the East, that land of flowers, and fire-flies, and harems, and all elegant possibilities of costume and color.

Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over the wave?
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging;
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

This ideal East was the very place which the graceful fancy of a love-poet would choose as the scene of delicious and soft romance. Accordingly, after a little while, the plan of a poem was constructed, in which, on the slight thread of the imaginary journey of the Indian Princess, *Lalla Rookh*, from Delhi to Cashmere, where her nuptials were to be celebrated with the Prince of Bucharia, various oriental tales could be strung together. The young prince himself attends in the train of his intended bride under the disguise of a poet or minstrel; and he it is that, to beguile the fair one's journey, and, at the same time, win her heart by stealth, narrates the four separate Eastern romances, entitled respectively, the *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, *Paradise and the Peri*, the *Fire-Worshippers*, and the *Light of the Harem*, which constitute the entire poem. Moore thus saved himself from the labor, which would probably have been ungenial to his muse, of carrying on one unbroken story; and, at the same time, conformed more closely in his plot to the example of real oriental writers. Indeed, generally, it is worthy of consideration, whether this habit of constructing one literary work, by stringing a succession of stories together, as in the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and the *Canterbury Pilgrimage* of Chaucer, might not be revived with advantage.

After all, Moore's Eastern romance is, to give a new turn to Goethe's phrase, very *west-östlich*. It is the East not of a real Hafiz, but of a Hafiz of Park-lane or Pall Mall, that we have around us in *Lalla Rookh*. True, Moore had been in the West Indies, so as to know something by experience of the scenery of all warm climes, and he also tells us that he took great pains to be accurate to oriental facts in his imagery and allusions. His words are as follows:

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop
to account for the time expended in writing this work,

I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously reading for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustration purely oriental, and so familiarize myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as fancy, on her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at the "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell-work—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh that he was once asked by Colonel Wilks, the historian of British India, "whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East." "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel Wilks, "that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel." I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech that, although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life, of any of those countries lying most within my reach.

Notwithstanding all this, and even though it is said that the Persians themselves have paid their western imitator the compliment of translating some parts of his romance, so that Moore's verses have been sung by moonlight, in Persia, as some one told him, along the streets of Ispahan, we are still pretty sure that the oriental in *Lalla Rookh* does not lie deep. All the appropriate tinsel and tinge is there—the turbaned heads, the tiaras, the Tibet shawls, the jewelled thrones, the tents of silk, the Shiraz wine, the cool kiosks, &c.—but these are but the tasteful artificialities of an oriental ballet, as it might be represented before a select assemblage in a cushioned metropolitan theatre. The reason of this lies in the intention and real character of the poet. A poet, like Tennyson, may be led occasionally, by the very necessity of the thought that occupies his mind, to choose an oriental subject or fantasy, as the appropriate means of expressing it: or, again, an oriental subject or fantasy having suggested itself, the mind of the poet will assume the oriental mood in the act of contemplating it, and the result will be a composition *west-östlich* in the higher sense—western in its authorship, eastern in notion or essence. So it was that Keats was so fertile in poems in the spirit of the Grecian mythology; his genius working best, it would appear, when it felt itself in the supposed Hellenic mood, and surrounded itself with Hellenic associations. But the muse of the genial little Irish poet, "the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkie een," as he was once called when discerned sitting side by side with Scott in the box at an Edinburgh theatre, had no such profound sympathy with what is intellectually eastern. He was, by faculty and training, the poet of artificial life in polished social circles; to minister to the sentimental gratification of such circles was the art in which he was born to be happy. The strains in which he sought to please his audience might vary—his song might be sad or merry, and the subject might be either from artificial life itself, or from any conceivable kind of life, however rough or rural; but in every case, his compositions were conditioned by this, as their

prime requisite, that they should promote the vivacity of festive hours in elegant and well-lit rooms. Moore, apart from his songs, was not a poet of nature, of the real, whether in scenery or in human passion and experience: he was a poetical composer of scenes and feelings according to the artistic traditions of refined society. Take, for example, a specimen of his acquaintance with flowers. Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem, goes out to gather flowers in the moonlight to be made into a wreath—

Out she flew,
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
For this enchanted wreath of dreams.
Anemones and seas of gold,
And new-born lilies of the river,
And those sweet flow'rets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the mistress of the night.
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away.
Amaranthus, such as crown the maids
That wander through Tamara's shades;
And the white moon-flower as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;
In short, all flow'rets and all plants,
From the divine amrita tree,
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil-tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves;
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead;
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gathered by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves till they can hold no more;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

This is certainly very pretty and tasteful; but there is not a particle of nature in it. Observe, in comparison, how a poet like Milton gathers flowers. The quotation is from *Lycidas*.

Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks—
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet;
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Here, according to the poet's own image, it is nature herself that furnishes the bowers; the poet goes not out to cull them, but calls on the vales and the green banks of quiet streams to throw them spontaneously hither, only bidding that the flowers shall be fit for the funeral occasion. In the other

instance, it is a ballet-girl that goes out to the graceful music of the orchestra, to gather flowers for an enchanted wreath, in a brilliant operatic scene. And this is the true character of much of Moore's poetry. It is artificial poetical entertainment. The poet's province was to cater for the gratification of gay and voluptuous sentiment, for the mirth and the melancholy of boudoirs and drawing-rooms; and, in doing so, he might purvey his costumes and his accompaniments from whatever quarter he pleased. Like the French poets of last century, he might have given us a poetical romance, *à la pastorale*, with shepherds and shepherdesses for the heroes and heroines, his object all the while being the pleasure of the *salon*. But, judiciously enough, he preferred a romance *à l'orientale*, in the representation of which he could delight the spectators by beautiful and accurate scenes from the garden and the seraglio.

Regarded in this light, as a poetical romance *à l'orientale*, *Lalla Rookh* is an extremely happy performance. There is interest in the narrative, variety and oriental splendor in the scenes, and grace, fluency, and rhythm in the diction. In the first of the four tales, the *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, there is even something more—a power of historical imagination, which shows that Moore did possess melodramatic genius, and could deal, in a masterly manner, with the fanatical grandeur of a Mahomedan legend. The story of the false prophet, Mokanna, and his hideous end, as told in Moore's verse, is far superior, both in conception and in execution, to anything in Washington Irving's real accounts of the reigns of the Caliphs; while the story, incorporated therewith, of the ruined Zolca and her lover Azim, is a truly powerful piece of tragic fancy. It is in this tale of the *Veiled Prophet*, and in the subsequent tale of the *Fire-Worshippers*, that Moore puts himself most obviously in comparison with Scott as a metrical romancist. In the latter tale, the comparison is the more unavoidable, from the circumstance that the metre is the same irregular octosyllabic that Scott has generally preferred. In the proper qualities of the romancist—incident, life, motion, the stir and tramp of substantial figures—Moore, of course, falls far behind Scott, whose knights, and pages, and armed men, and feudal damsels, in *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, are far more living creatures of the imagination than the plumed Persian warriors of *Lalla Rookh*, and the bright-eyed maidens that peep at them through the silken network of the windows of the harem. In one quality, however, Moore excels Scott—in the sweetness and musical charm, namely, of his verse. Scott's roughness, in this respect, the ragged, careless jolt of his metre towards the final syllable of the line, must be quite perceptible to the least finical reader. Moore's verse is much more easy and finished, the sense and the measure moving on more harmoniously in cadence—though there is still, even in his verse, something of that *knock* of the intellect against the rhyme, which is felt, particularly in the octosyllabic metre, whenever the rhyming word could have been different from the one actually chosen. The reason of this superior melodiousness of Moore's verse consists partly in the fact, that Moore had more musical talent and practice than Scott, and partly in the independent fact, that he composed more slowly and carefully, and with more of effort after minute verbal grace. He had been at all times, he says, "a far more slow and pains-taking workman than would ever

be guessed from the result;" and it only needs a comparison of a passage from the hasty and dash-disrupted verse of Byron, with a passage from so careful and finished a poet as Tennyson, to show how singularly the beauty of a piece of rhyme may be enhanced when pains are thus bestowed to establish the severest possible accord between the words and the meaning. On this point we shall have to say more, when we come to speak of Moore's songs; in the mean time, let us glance at those more ephemeral trifles of his pen, his political squibs and satires.

An Irishman, a Catholic by birth, a college friend and associate of the unfortunate Robert Emmet, and others of the early Irish patriots, Moore, naturally, from the first, took the liberal side in the politics of his time; and as naturally, through his intimacy with Lord Holland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and others of that party, his opinions settled into confirmed whiggism. Accordingly, during the period of the regency, and on to the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and the Reform Bill, he was prolific in political satires and epigrams in the service of the whigs; some of them, such as his *Fudge Family*, and his *Two-penny Post-bag*, published in a connected form, as poetical pamphlets; others, printed, day after day, in the columns of liberal London newspapers. Nothing can be cleverer than these productions. They are perhaps the finest specimens of graceful and polished political satire in the language. We cannot help thinking that Moore was more in his element in this kind of literary pasquinade, than in poetry in the style of *Lalla Rookh*. There was less room, indeed, for real feeling and sentiment; but there was more room for his inimitable talent of light and easy versification, while, but for these political trifles, we should hardly have had sufficient proof of the wit and humor which made so large a part of his brilliant and truly Hibernian genius. Readers who have an hour to spare will find very lively entertainment in turning over the leaves of that part of the collected edition of Moore's works, which contains his witty contributions—light enough in thought, but perfectly exquisite in form, to the controversies and the public gossip of his generation. No such newspaper pasquinades, elegant without weakness, and pungent without truculence, are to be seen now-a-days; and the only pity is that so much of their effect must be lost, now that the passing circumstances that called them forth are forgotten. We should like to have seen the face of the speaker, the Right Hon. Charles Abbot, on the morning on which this squib, on one of his appearances, came into the hands of the town:—

There was a little man, and he had a little soul,
And he said, "Little soul, let us try, try, try,
Whether it's within our reach,
To make up a little speech
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I."

Then said his little soul, peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little man, you are stout, stout, stout;
But if it's not uncivil,
Pray tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little man then spoke, "Little soul, it is no joke,
For as sure as J—ky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,
I will tell the prince and people
What I think of church and steeple,

And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl, little man and little soul,
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle,
tittle;

And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair,
Never yet in all their lives looked so little, little,
little,
Never yet in all their lives looked so little.

The worst of having a squib like this written
against you, is that your best friends won't resent
it. Here is another, a little more severe, on Lord
Castlereagh:—

Question.

Why is a pump like V—sc—nt C—stl—r—gh?

Answer.

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

Moore, as an Irishman, was proud of Wellington;
and all his whiggism did not prevent him
from showing that he was. The following on
"Lord Wellington and the Ministers" was written
in 1813:—

So gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

Oh, Wellington! long as such ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For, while *they* 're in the council and *you* in the field,
We've the *babies* in them, and the *thunder* in you.

If any of our readers have the trick of remembering and unconsciously repeating a verse that chances to have more *hum* in it than usual, we will defy them to get the following out of their heads for at least a week. It describes the musical assiduity of a number of cherubs, who, to punish a certain lord for having written against "solos, duets, &c.," in a book on church-reform, hover round his pillow all night and persist in giving him a concert:—

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets, most dire to hear;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

Here is another stanza from a poem in defence of Sydney Smith, extremely characteristic both in its rhythm and its meaning:—

Our earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny;
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,
Being sad on one side—on the other side funny.

The following allusion, during the Reform Bill agitation, to a peculiarity in the costume of a once well-known member of Parliament, must have been irresistible:—

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like bill with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between Wetherell's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this anti-union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;

But the breach since the bill has attained such immensity,

Daniel himself could have scarce wished it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Attwoods and Wynns ere the moment is past;
Who can doubt that we tread on Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening
so fast?

Make Wetherell yield to "some sort of Reform,"
(As we all must, at length, though with very wry
faces,)

And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

There is not much wit in the following, but it may be quoted as a specimen of the kind of personalities, now historical, that were known to annoy Beau Brummell's "fat friend." It is sung by a tailor on his shop-board:—

My brave brother tailors, come straighten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our prince (and a fig for his railers),
The shop-board's delight, the Mæcenas of Tailors.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
While *his* cut to fame is—the cut of his coat;
Philip's son thought the world was too small for his
soul,
But our Regent's finds room in a laced button-hole.
Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's kings—those, at least, who
go loose—
Not a king of them all's such a friend to the goose;
So may he keep growing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted prince about town!
Derry down, &c.

Bishop Philpotts was too tempting a subject, and too often before the public, to be let alone; and Moore kept his eye on him, as *Punch* now does. The following, in the guise of an epistle from the Right Rev. Prelate to John of Tuam, is not more dignified than such compositions usually are; but there is a spice of sound and merited sarcasm in it:—

My intention is chiefly
In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,
That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum* must be,
While *Meum*'s at all times the main point with me,
We scarce could do better than form an alliance,
To set these sad anti-church times at defiance;
You, John, recollect, being still to embark,
With no share in the firm but your title and *mark*:—
Or, even should you feel in your grandeur inclined
To call yourself Pope, why, I should n't much mind;
While *my* church as usual holds fast by your *Tuum*,
And every one else's, to make it all *Suum*.

Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,
As no twins can be liker, in most points, than we;
Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,
Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears;
And I, at least, one who would scorn to stick longer
By any given cause than I found it the stronger,
And who, smooth in my turnings as if on a swivel,
When the tone ecclesiastic went do, try the *civil*.
In short (not to bore you, even *jure divino*),
We've the same cause in common, John—all but the
rhino;
And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,
As you're not used to cash, John, you'd best leave to
me.

And so, without form—as the postman won't tarry—
I'm, dear Jack of Tuam, Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

We shall close these quotations from Moore's pasquinades—sometimes a little irreverent, but always clever—with one to which the present state of the country gives a revived interest. A tory is represented thus haranguing his colleagues on the damage likely to be done to them by the accession to their cause of "a boy statesman"—now Lord Derby.

Ah, tories, dear ! our ruin is near,

With Stanley to help us we can't but fall ;

Already a warning voice I hear,

Like the late Charles Mathews' croak in my ear,

"That boy—that boy 'll be the death of us all !"

That boy, that boy !—there 's a tale, I know,

Which, in talking of him, comes *à-propos* ;

Sir Thomas More had an only son,

And a foolish lad was that only one ;

And Sir Thomas said one day to his wife,

"My dear, I can't but wish you joy,

For you prayed for a boy, and you now have a boy,

Who 'll continue a boy to the end of his life."

Even such is our own distressing lot,

With the ever-young statesman we have got :—

Nay, even still worse, for Master More,

Wasn't more a youth than he 'd been before ;

While *ours* such power of boyhood shows,

That the older he gets, the more juvenile he grows,

And at what extreme old age he 'll close

His school-boy course, Heaven only knows ;

Some century hence, should he reach so far,

And ourselves to witness it Heaven condemn,

We shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,

A whippet-snapper Methusalem ;

Nay, even should he make still longer stay of it,

The boy 'll want *judgment*, even to the day of it !

Meanwhile, 't is a serious sad infliction ;

And, day and night, with awe I recall

The late Mr. Mathews' solemn prediction,

"That boy 'll be the death, the death of you all "

We have already said that Moore was, *par excellence*, a song-writer ; we may now add, what we do not think any one will contradict, that he was the best of modern English or Irish song-writers. As the lyricist of the *salon*, the parlor, or the supper-room—the writer of songs to be sung in such places, either by the voice alone, or to the accompaniment of the piano or harp, he is unrivalled. Nobody in England has been equal to him in that art, and probably no one will ever be. Since Burns wrote his Scottish songs—songs of intrinsically deeper and more natural genius, but capable of being appreciated in full only by those who own Scotch as their mother tongue—there has been no poet in this island who has fitted words to music so sweetly and affectingly as Moore. Beranger, who was born in the same year with him, has, with a genius sympathetic on many points with that of Moore, but in others radically different, taken a similar place among the poets of modern France. Beranger, indeed, is far more truly and emphatically the popular *chansonnier* of France, than Moore is the song-writer of England ; for Moore drew a good deal of his inspiration from the patriotic melancholy of Ireland, a feeling in some respects anti-English ;—but neither, on the other hand, was Moore in any peculiar sense an Irish song-writer ; for his songs generally, and even most of his so-called Irish melodies, touch chords which are native on both sides of the Channel. The reality of the case, perhaps, might be stated thus, that while Moore, in virtue of his Irish birth, and his constitutional dash of Irish patriotism, was, in a certain propor-

tion of his productions, the popular poet of English-speaking Ireland, he was, moreover, in virtue of that quality of genial sentimentalism which he possessed in a more extensive measure, the lyricist, at the same time, of gay and cultured English circles. The cottars and the bare-footed maidens of Ireland may sing his songs, as the songs of one who has awaked the harp of Erin ; and so in Ireland he may hold the really popular place that Burns holds in Scotland. But in England it is not the *people* that know Moore ; it is the members of that class that sing and hear songs sung, not at the plough, or at the loom, or at homely rural feasts and love-meetings, but in carpeted rooms, amid comforts and elegancies. This, however, is still a numerous class ; and considering how unlikely it is that England, with its many millions, will ever have a song-writer that will thrill its entire heart as Burns has thrilled the heart of *his* less populous country, it is something for Moore, that, Irishman as he was, he has made himself the lyricist in England of so large a circle. Within that circle he has left words and strains that will keep his memory alive. "The last rose of summer," "Go where glory waits thee," "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," "Oh ! no, it was something more exquisite still"—these and a thousand other lines and phrases, equally well known—is it nothing to have left these in the hearts of thousands, associated, mayhap, with recollections of fair faces and happy bygone hours, when both tears and laughter were easier, and the whole world went so youngly ! And this it is to be a writer of songs !

That Moore was conscious of the special nature of his claims as an English song-writer appears from the preface which he wrote, in 1841, to the fifth volume of the first general issue of his poetical works. Some passages in this preface deserve critical attention.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That such was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature in the twelfth century, and was, in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memorandums, that poet used to sing his verses in composing them, and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and *canzoni* to prefix to their poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation in reciting or chanting them was to be regulated. . . . As the practice of uniting in one individual—whether Bard, Scald, or Troubadour—the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society, so the gradual separation of those two callings, in accordance with that great principle of political economy, the division of labor, has been found an equally sure index of improving civilization. So far in England, indeed, has this partition of workmanship been carried that, with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician. . . . We witness, in our own times, as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned, a similar divorce between the two arts ; and my friend and neighbor, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to

mind as being also a musician. . . . That Burns, however untaught, was yet in ear and feeling a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. . . . It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these, his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires; if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity; and of which, in our own times, we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song department of English poetry at the period when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a birth-day ode down to the *libretto* of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general—"Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante." . . . How far my own labors in this field have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving the name.

The question started in this extract is one on which much might be written. Leaving the historical question of the early connexion between poetry and music alone, let us offer a hint or two towards what may be called the scientific explanation of the matter.

We believe, then, that it will be found useful, in the investigation of such points, to distinguish between these three things, which may be united in him whom, in general terms, we call a poet—poetical power, or imagination; lyrical genius; and taste and accomplishment in the special art of music. The three may be united; but a writer may possess the first without the two last in any remarkable degree, or the first two without the last, and still be a true poet; nay, a writer may possess the second without much of either of the first or the third, and still, according to existing language, be justly ranked among the poets. Let us illustrate this a little.

The essential quality of the poet, as the etymology of the word itself serves to signify, is certainly that which we call imaginative, or creative power, the power of working on and on in an ideal element, producing combinations of intellectual beauty by the plastic operation of the mind on previous material, whether of experience or conception. The poetry of Keats, or the minor poems of Milton, may be taken as excellent examples of such pure poetical composition. By a kind of general consent on the part of those who have practised this art, metre has been deemed essential to its perfection; though it is universally admitted that the *poiesis*, or intellectual process of beautiful creation, in which the essence of the art consists, may be carried on in prose. Wordsworth,

who was one of the most gifted practitioners of the art of pure poetry, also philosophized upon it; and his rationale of the use of metre in poetical composition was, that by this means there was provided for the reader or hearer, a series of pleasurable surprises, additional to the pleasure of the meaning. This, we think, was rating the office of metre in pure poetry too low. Not only is metre an artificial addition of pleasure to the reader in the act of receiving the meaning, it is also an artificial addition of power to the poet in the act of conceiving the meaning—a means, so to speak, of complicating his intellectual associations as he composes; a subjection, so to speak, of his invention to a new set of conditions, so as to make the product more rare, wonderful, and exquisite. More unexceptionable, as applied to pure poetry, was that other observation of Wordsworth, made in the course of his critical onslaught on the artificial diction of the poets from Dryden to his own time, that the language of the poet should be simple and natural, and such as would not seem out of place in prose, provided a meaning exactly the same, and exactly as tender, peculiar, beautiful, or sublime, were to be expressed in prose. The more our readers think of the matter, in connexion with actual instances, the more they will find that, in the case of pure poetry of a high order, the truly poetical meaning, the beautiful substance which has exuded from the poet's genius, will survive in a literal prose translation. Not, observe, that the metre was not necessary, in the first place, towards the elaboration of that meaning, or substance—towards making it precisely such, and so fine and admirable; but that the meaning, once snatched, by metrical or other help, from the region of the unconceived, remains forever here and conceivable. The Greek tragic poets are great; the whole superiority of their genius over that of other men is discernible in the baldest literal versions of their works used stealthily by schoolboys; and exquisite as the meaning of Milton's *Penseroso* is—a rare and, as it were, merely aromatic essence, an intellectual attar of roses—yet were that meaning sweetly expressed in a prose composition, the feeling would be, that the mind that had produced it was that of a genuine poet. In the loss of the metrical form, there is, of course, a loss of much of the charm; but the test of a poet, in the sense in which we at present understand the term, is in the *poema*, the intellectual thing made; and that will survive the metre, as a vase will remain when the mould is broken.

The lyrist or song-writer (using that word now restrictedly) differs from the poet proper, as above defined, in this, that his object is, not so much to produce a beautiful intellectual combination or picture in verse, as to express an immediate emotion. He does not work on and on in an ideal element, linking together sweet or majestic fantasies with leisurely and composed delight; he pours forth a feeling fervidly and at once. *Passion*, as distinct from *imagination*, is a rough expression of the leading quality of the lyrist, as distinct from the pure poet. Of course the two may be, and always to some extent are, combined; but the distinction will be found applicable to real examples. The French have much lyrical spirit, but little pure poetical faculty. Wordsworth was a man of high poetical genius, with far less of the lyrical fire than many other poets—less, for example, than Byron or Tennyson, and far less than Burns. In a poet highly endowed, as some poets have been with both, it is not difficult to discern, even in long poetical compositions, those passages

where the lyrist bursts through the poet. And, invariably, that which distinguishes such passages, is a certain *peculiarity of sound*, swelling or wailing through the ordinary metre. Such passages may be pointed out in scores, even in Wordsworth. In reading such passages, the feeling is that the poet, when he wrote them, was unusually excited; that some chord was touched, on the touching of which some fountain broke within the soul and the words came big and fast. When this is the case in any extraordinary degree, it is a happy dictate of art—practised, as we see, by Byron in his *Childe Harold*, by Tennyson in his *Princess*, and even by Keats in his *Endymion*—to interrupt the poem proper, and change into a chant or song. Now the lyrist, in the restricted sense, is the man who, instead of thus occasionally rising out of poetry into song, sings always, and becomes a poet in the act of singing. His is not a process of the imaginative intellect working composedly or otherwise under the rule of metre; it is the process of giving articulate expression in words to a feeling which brings, if not its metre, at least its music with it. The *hum* or cadence, so to speak, already exists in the mind of the writer; and he becomes a poet to give it vent in words. Hence, in lyrical pieces, the *sound* has a peculiar value; and to give never so close a rendering of the mere meaning of the words of a song, apart from the actual march or rhythm, could be no adequate translation at all. Hence, also, the language of a song, or of a passage in the lyrical spirit, may be less strict, and the arrangement of the words may deviate more from the just logical order than would be agreeable in a purely poetical composition. A circumstance this, to which Wordsworth appears not to have sufficiently attended in his strictures on the arbitrary diction in use among the poets!

Is there, now, any ascertainable connection between either the metrical delicacy and skill of the poet, or the native rhythmic power of the lyrist, and technical musical science or taste? The question is an intricate one. That there must be some connection between the ear for metrical harmony, and what is more technically called the musical ear, would seem undeniable; and yet facts seem to prove that the connection must be a very recondite one. Of all the great masters of English verse, Milton alone, as Moore remarks, is known to have been accomplished in music. It may be that his skill in music assisted him in writing his most harmonious verse; but, if so, other poets have written harmonious verse without that assistance. The verse of Coleridge is always cited as, perhaps, the most musical in the language; yet Coleridge had no special gift or learning in music proper. Wordsworth was no musician; Byron was no musician; Goethe, for a German, was no musician. Capable, like all men of poetical temperament, of being deeply affected by certain kinds of music, none of these poets were distinguished—indeed, very few poets have been distinguished—by the possession of the so-called musical ear. On the other hand, Browning is said to possess this gift in a more than ordinary degree; and yet musical rhythm is the quality least conspicuous in his verses. The faculty, then, of harmonious metrical composition does not appear to depend on this natural genius or taste for music as a distinct art. Some of the most melodious of our lyrists, even—our writers of songs—have been absolutely wanting in musical quickness. The schoolmaster who taught Burns in his youth has distinctly left it on

record, that, in the musical department, Burns and his brother were the most backward pupils in the whole parish. "Robert's ear, in particular," he says, "was remarkably dull; it was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another." He did, in later life, learn to make out an air on the violin; but it seems to have been a work of determination. Scott, also, who could, when he liked, write a stirring and sonorous ballad, and whose recitation of snatches of Scotch song seems to have been something surpassingly fine, was notoriously deficient in the musician's organ of tune. The music of such men, therefore, the ideal *hum* or cadence, moaning through their heads as they thought or wrote, must have been something altogether different from the voluntarily conceived notes of a technical melody. And so, also, with prose speakers. The orator is nearly akin to the lyrist; and yet neither are orators, any more than lyric poets, invariably endowed with the musical ear. Chalmers, whose voice rolled superbly in that mighty cadence, to which all his periods seemed to be naturally written, was as unapt in music as Scott. Fine singers, on the other hand, are often bad, or, as we say, *unmusical* speakers. The spoken remarks with which the vocalist Wilson used to preface his songs, positively jarred on the ear.

All this would seem to prove that our theory of what is called, technically, the musical ear, is not yet sufficiently precise to enable us to say how the possession or want of this gift would affect the faculty of metrical expression. Probably the required explanation lies in investigations yet to be undertaken into the physiology of *common speech*, as distinct from the physiology of *singing*. Meanwhile, this, at least, is clear, that for a poet, such in native kind, and in professed intention, as Moore was, the possession of technical musical knowledge and accomplishment is a great advantage, or even an indispensable requisite. Moore was not preëminently a poet in the stricter sense in which we have ventured to discriminate between that term and the term lyrist; his *Lalla Rookh* is a specimen of the best he could do in the walk of imaginative creation, and, whatever may be thought of the conception of that poem as a metrical romance, a critic like Wordsworth would have been very severe on its general claims, as a poetical composition. But Moore had, in very high degree, the lyrical faculty—the gifts necessary to a song-writer. Now, a song is not properly at the end of its destiny till it has been set to music. But there are two ways in which this end may be attained. On the one hand, the poet may write the words, thinking of no other music than that which hums through his own mind; and the technical musician may come after him, providing a musical air such as he conceives to be appropriate.

But so rare is high skill in this art of musical interpretation, that some of the noblest lyrical pieces in the language have either not been set to music at all, or been set to music in a manner quite miserable. Fancy Tennyson's stanzas, "Break, break, break," set, as we are told they have been, by some young lady or other, to a merry lilt. As regards the interests of the professional vocalists, therefore, it has been found better that, instead of the musical composer waiting on the song-writer, the song-writer should wait on the musical composer. The remark is as common as a proverb, that the words of a song are nothing. The silliest

trash, that would not be readable alone—anything, in short, with “hearts” and “marble halls” in it, will pass and please in singing, if the air is good. It is the air to which the hearer listens, it is the air that gives him pleasure; and, if a piece of verse is really fine, he would prefer having it brought before him simply as a piece of verse, which he could read as such. Still, as it is the *destiny* of a fine air to be wedded to such words as shall be a true articulate interpretation of the inarticulate melody, every musician who cannot be his own poet, must have a poet for his brother.

Now, though a poet, like Scott or Byron, not accomplished in music, is able, as all experience proves, to catch, by some means or other—often indeed by the help of words previously associated with the air—the meaning of the musician, and so to furnish words lyrically appropriate; yet it cannot be doubted that one who combines something of the feeling of the musician with the genius of the poet, will here have the advantage. Not only are there certain conditions determining what syllabic conjunctions and other such minutiae are most available for the voice in singing, which conditions will be most apparent to one who is himself a singer; but the innate capabilities of an air, in respect to the words that may be fitted to it, must be more intimately known to one who can appreciate the air apart from words, and adopt that very air, as it were, as the inarticulate hum with which his thoughts must be in unison during the moment of composition. Whether by his violin-playing, or by some other means, Burns, it is very clear, succeeded in attaining even this ideal perfection as a song-writer. The very genius of the old Scottish airs seems to have passed into his verse; so that, where he has written a song to an air, it is as if the song and the air had been born together.

Moore, even more peculiarly than Burns, was a writer of songs to musical melodies. The songs of Burns, and those of Beranger, are such, both in meaning and composition, that they may be read or spoken, and still lose nothing in the appreciation of the most fastidious critic. In the songs of Moore, one is perpetually reminded, by certain artificialities of thought and diction, that they were written for the singer's voice, and are to be read with that allowance. A singer himself, of much sweetness and feeling, and accustomed from his boyhood to the keys of the piano, though never a profound or highly educated musician, Moore had an instinctive perception from the first of his true vocation as a poet. Whenever he met with a fine air, he wrote words to it. Among the pieces he has left behind him are songs to the airs of all nations—Sicilian airs, Neapolitan airs, Savoyard airs, French airs, English airs, airs of Mozart and Beethoven, even Persian, Turkish, and Mahratta airs. His greatest and most congenial work, however, in this kind, was his collection of songs for the Irish melodies. The spirit of Irish nationality, driven by pains and penalties from the field of political activity, had taken the shape of a movement for the revival of ancient national traditions, and, above all, of ancient national music; and it was the happy destiny of Moore to be the poet of this movement. His lines to the “Harp of his Country,” in themselves an example of what is exquisite in a song as distinct from a pure poetical composition, contain also the true boast of his life.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to love, freedom, and
song!

The warm lay of love, and the light note of glad-
ness,
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft thou hast echoed the deep sigh of sad-
ness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still!

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than
mine;

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

Well, then, may Ireland accept Moore as her national and popular poet. Out of Ireland, however, as we have already said, he will be remembered best as the song-writer of a more restricted circle of associations and feelings. Among the poets of England, he will hold place chiefly as the singer of the characteristic joys and melancholies of parlors and salons. All his songs, however various in theme—merely Anacreontic and convivial as too many of them are, and these, in our opinion, the poorest and worst; or touching, as many of them do, deeper and more tender chords, so that even the solitary reader of them will be moved to luxurious tears; or, rising as some of them do into a really glorious Tyrtæan strain—carry in them evidences of their origin in; and their fitness for, what may be called the festive mood of indoor artificial life. But to be the poet even of parlors and salons was, as we have said before, no mean function; and, in as far as Moore performed this function well, in as far as, while enhancing social joys, and promoting genial melancholies, his Muse served virtue and not vice, let his name be remembered with affectionate praise. And so, Ireland continuing to be proud of him, and young men and maidens in Ireland and England too continuing to sing his choicest songs while their hearts are tending towards the kind and noble, may the grass be green and the sunshine pleasant on his sequestered English grave!

THE BENEVOLENCE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion of glory; so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to a heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighborhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity.

CRIMES sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

From the Examiner.

China during the War and since the Peace. By Sir JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, Bart., F. R. S., late her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China; Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Colony of Hong Kong. 2 vols. Longmans and Co.

This work, relating to the Chinese war, by a very competent authority, takes rank among the most amusing of the many clever books to which our operations against the flowery land have given birth. Of Sir John Davis' two volumes the first takes pleasant ground as a history of the war, seen from a Chinese point of view. Many Chinese official papers fell into the hands of the British during the contest, and of these Dr. Gutzlaff furnished to the author a series of abstracts and translations. The leading events of the war, therefore, are narrated in this first volume by the aid of Chinese papers, in such a way as to display the doings of the barbarians under the peculiar light thrown over them by Chinese ignorance and ingenuity. The second of the volumes states the result of Sir John Davis' diplomacy and personal experience during a four years' administration. The work closes with a well-timed chapter on Japan, and a chapter on the other kindred regions, Cochin-China, Siam, the Corea, and Loochoo.

At the commencement of the war, as is well known, the Chinese regarded the prowess of the barbarians with a supreme contempt. Yukien reassured the people about them in this high-minded fashion:

With no other resource than their ships, which require a draft of sixty cubits of water, they cannot approach our main, and therefore have taken Tinghae, encompassed on all sides by the sea. With us it is quite different; and every one of us may therefore without fear take care of his own gate, and not trouble himself about them. I look upon these enemies as mere bulrushes, having from my youth upwards read military treatises, and spread the terror of my name myriads of miles through Turkestan. Since the trade at Canton was stopped, I took precautionary measures; and if they dare to come to our shores, they will be like the moth in the candle, or the fish in the net. History proves that even our southern soldiers were victorious, and only want a leader to be so again. While, therefore, I guard the interior, the governor-general of the two provinces will take charge of the coast, so that every one may rest quietly on his pillow, and not let himself be disturbed by these robbers who will instantly be put down by the military.

Again, as Sir John Davis tells us:

When the capture and occupation of Chusan became more generally known, a certain censor of that privileged class whose business it is to advise the government, drew up a memorial, which met with high approbation at Peking, and was used as a text-book in the prosecution of subsequent operations. It is a strange compound of ignorance and natural shrewdness.

"The English barbarians are an insignificant and detestable race, trusting entirely to their strong ships and large guns; but the immense distance they have traversed will render the arrival of seasonable supplies impossible, and their soldiers, after a single defeat, being deprived of provisions, will become dispirited and lost. Though it is very true that their guns are destructive, still in the attack of our harbors they will be too elevated, and their aim moreover rendered unsteady by the waves; while we in our forts, with larger pieces, can more steadily return the fire. Notwithstanding the riches of their government, the peo-

ple are poor, and unable to contribute to the expenses of an army at such a distance. Granted that their vessels are their homes, and that in them they defy wind and weather, still they require a great draft of water; and, since our coasts are beset with shoals, they will certainly, without the aid of native pilots, run ashore, without approaching very closely. Though waterproof their ships are not fireproof, and we may therefore easily burn them. The crews will not be able to withstand the ravages of our climate, and surely waste away by degrees; and to fight on shore, their soldiers possess not sufficient activity. Without, therefore, despising the enemy, we have no cause to fear them. While guarding the approaches to the interior, and removing to the coast the largest guns, to give their ships a terrific reception, we should at the same time keep vessels filled with brushwood, oil, saltpetre, and sulphur, in readiness to let them drive, under the direction of our marine, with wind and tide against their shipping. When once on fire, we may open our batteries upon them, display the celestial terror, and exterminate them without the loss of a single life."

Keshen, with a shrewd foresight, having carried out pacific measures and ceded Hong Kong to the British, endeavors to appease the emperor by telling him that he still bears them many a grudge, and "only abides his time for exterminating them, whenever it can be done." A wise proviso. He says that "the barbarians are so untamable, that they could not be restrained by their officers from taking the Chuenpee forts. Since that, however, they had shown repentance and fear." In fine, that "the only celestial favor they now asked was to be allowed to trade, as the whole nation had, in consequence of the stoppage of trade, been cut off from all means of gaining a livelihood." Celestial favor, however, was neither shown to the barbarians, nor continued to Keshen. The answer of the emperor and the disgrace of Keshen, as summed up by Sir John Davis, curiously illustrate the sudden reverse of fortune to which Asiatic dignitaries are at all times liable, upon their master's nod:

Every successive despatch from Peking conveyed still stronger expressions of the emperor's wrath at the late convention. In one, Thoukwang observed, "The English becoming daily more extravagant, I desired Keshen to be vigilant and take every opportunity of attacking them; but he has allowed himself to be cajoled by the barbarians, without even consulting his colleagues. To give the English Hongkong as a place to store up arms and build fortresses, and to allow them to continue trading at Canton, is beyond the bounds of reason. Why did he permit them to take open possession of the island? Is not every inch of ground and every individual subject the property of the state? And yet he dares to ask such favors for the English rebels, and, moreover, descants on the wretched condition of Canton, to induce us to agree to the proposal. How great is the presumption and shamelessness of Keshen! Let him be degraded and placed in chains, and brought to the capital under convoy, and let his property be instantly confiscated. Respect this."

This was no empty threat, for on the same day commissioners were sent to the residence of Keshen, and, according to an official report, seized and delivered into the hands of the imperial treasurer 682 Chinese pounds' weight of gold, 17,940,000 taels in silver, and eleven boxes of jewels. On a second search by Muhchangah, the prime minister, additional effects were confiscated—1438 large ingots of Sycee silver, value about 60 dollars each, 46,920 taels in broken silver, 2,561,217 mows in land, besides houses, shares in pawnbroking establishments (the ancient mode of banking in Europe), and transactions in the salt

monopoly. His fortune was at first rated at an amount equal to eight millions sterling, but exceeded it. Yet, without a trial, the whole vanished at the mere dictum of his despotic master. When he reached Peking as a common felon, with a chain round his neck he could hardly obtain 100 copper coins, to feed him in prison. His wives and women were sold by auction to the highest bidders.

A good many Chinese plans were started for our extermination. Ships were to be attacked by an army of divers, who would bore holes in their bottoms; men-of-war were to be imitated, and the poor fellows ordered to build them escaped only by suicide from the commission. Steamers really were imitated as to external appearance, but it was found that the wheels could not be stirred by any quantity of smoke made in the hold, and so the Chinese turned them by hand labor. It was proposed to destroy the entire nation of barbarians by prohibiting the export trade in tea and rhubarb, because, it was said, we are gross feeders, and become by our food internally so tied and bound, that we depend on tea and rhubarb for the preservation of our lives. It is a well-known fact, also, and not a joke, that our soldiers were at first thought to be externally so tied and bound, to wear such tightly fitting clothes, that if they once fell upon the ground they never could get up again. Sir John Davis tells us of an edict, by which we were to be prevented from destroying others, if we could not be destroyed ourselves; by virtue of this edict, the Celestial Empire was no more to furnish to us the materials of which we make our gunpowder. But all these schemes give place, in wisdom and in boldness, to a plan suggested by the famous Commissioner Lin; who proposed, by a Chinese invasion, the transfer of the seat of war to London. What militia bills we should have needed, what repairing of our docks there would have been, how the funds would have fallen, if it had been whispered here that the Chinese were talking of invasion! Imagine the wild consternation of our southern agriculturists, quietly hoeing in their fields, at the awful spectacle of a Chinese army marching in petticoats to a terrific sound of gong along the Portsmouth road. "The only prudent course," says Commissioner Lin, "is to show a bold front to the English at once."

The Russians are now our friends: their territory is not very far from the English, and joins ours. We should, therefore, spend thirty millions of taels in raising a daring army, and march directly through the Russian country to England. By carrying the war home to them, and occupying their own country, we should forever banish them from our shores. Since the Russians are the enemies of the English, they would support our undertaking, finding us, on our arrival in their country, with guns, and furnishing us with auxiliaries.

When Amoy was captured, in spite of its immense rampart, the governor of the place sent this account to the emperor:

"I myself," said he, "led on our soldiers to battle. We sunk one of their steamers and five ships of war by our terrible fire; but the barbarians returned it; the south wind blew the smoke into our soldiers' eyes, and Amoy was thus lost."

The following misconception was natural enough on the part of the Chinese; only custom could attach any idea of honor to the making of a noise with gunpowder.

It had long been a hope of the government that other foreign nations would quarrel with the English for their aggression on China. It happened that an American ship of war entered Amoy harbor, and a report was transmitted to Peking, that the hostility between the two nations must be very inveterate, for the English commenced firing (a salute) the moment the American appeared, and this was soon returned by the latter with great spirit.

The Chinese having lost Amoy, Chusan, Chinhae, and Ningpo, and being worsted in arms, Yihking resolved to see whether a paper war might not be carried on effectively against the British.

He endeavored to thin the ranks of the enemy and add to his own, on the very groundless supposition that numbers of Chinese subjects were in the former. Great service was no doubt derived from natives of the Celestial Empire during the war, but in no single instance as *soldiers*. In a proclamation it was observed that "many Chinese on being captured exchanged their dress for a foreign one. In battle they ran the chance of being placed in front, and their lives sacrificed in behalf of their perfidious friends. There were likewise many foreigners in the English ranks, who most unwillingly followed the fortunes of their tyrants. They might safely reckon upon never receiving their share of the plunder; why, therefore, remain in their service? When the action commences let them only throw down their arms, and their lives shall be spared. The black men, who do not fire upon us, should not suffer capital punishment. He who betrays one of the great barbarian chiefs, shall receive the rank of a mandarin; for giving up an inferior demon he shall receive money; and those who put a vessel into our hands shall receive the cargo as their reward."

Still more amusing placards were found, of which the aim was to persuade the foreign soldiers to go home and take care of their fathers and mothers, instead of troubling China. A native convert to the Papist religion was directed to draw up a prayer, earnestly beseeching God to permit every mother's son to retire quietly to his native home. Underhand negotiations were even attempted, offering a sum of money if the forces would quit China forever. This almost incredible fatuity could only be accounted for by the gross ignorance of the Celestial representative. All, however, was surpassed by a paper found in one of the deserted camps, addressed to the British general, exhorting him to surrender the whole army into the hands of Yihking, who, in consideration of such service, would strongly recommend him to the gracious notice of the Son of Heaven. A part of the British force was to be given up to the mercy of the mandarins, and the remainder allowed to return home. Those who would enter the army should be accepted; but on refusal of this offer, all should be exterminated. Some time was allowed for the consideration of these handsome proposals.

The idea given of the Chinese by a mere contemplation of their ignorance of external geography—and that is the characteristic which has been most frequently submitted to our notice—if we indulged in it too much, would make our notions of the Chinese character little wiser than the prevalent Chinese notions of England. We wish much that we had space to dwell more largely on these volumes, since the second of them, which contains the author's personal experience, is very full of valuable information. We must content ourselves, however, with extracting a few paragraphs relating to Shanghai.

From Chusan to Shanghai occupied little more than a day in the *Medusa* steamer. Her majesty's

consul was established within the walls of the town, in a handsome Chinese mansion, suitably furnished. This commercial city had been little prepared for the exigencies of war. The walls, something under five miles in circumference, have, as usual, a mound within the parapet, on which the whole circuit can be traversed; but this mound has in many places sunk so low, that the loopholes of the parapet can scarcely be reached. Near to a portion of the wall are the remains of that huge pawnbroking or banking establishment which was sacked and plundered in 1842. The vast warehouses for deposits, within high walls of their own, stood empty and desolate, having nothing remaining except the racks and presses, duly labelled, in which goods to an immense amount had been piled in the various rooms and galleries up to the very roof. One room had been devoted to jewellery and other valuables, and the labels were still on the drawers.

Some charitable institutions at Shanghai are deserving of notice. We inspected an almshouse devoted to the support of a certain number of old and destitute men. The place seemed well adapted to the purpose, but was somewhat out of order. The directions of the magistrates, with the rules of the establishment, were hung up to view, and there was a book in which the entry of the inmates was noted. The next institution, and a much larger one, was where the sick are attended gratis. On the outside waited a crowd to receive their tickets of admission; these being obtained, they proceeded in turn to the interior hall, where a number of doctors were seated at separate tables, feeling pulses and interrogating their patients. One clerk noted down the symptoms, and another wrote the prescriptions, which were dispensed gratis. The whole appeared to be conducted in an extremely respectable and sensible manner, and the activity of the institution is said to have been promoted by the exertions of Mr. Lockhart, a medical missionary, who, like the American Dr. Parker, at Canton, relieves sick and blind persons gratuitously.

The Chinese intendant at Shanghai, the principal civil officer, proved extremely friendly, and to his good feeling and exertions may be attributed a large portion of the early prosperity of this new port of trade. I arranged with him the hitherto unsettled question of boundaries for the excursions of the English according to treaty. A district magistrate had taken it on himself to stop a boat in a very unauthorized manner, and the intendant pledged himself that this should not again occur. In lieu of definitely marked limits, which might carry with them a disagreeable impression of restraint, it was agreed that excursions should be confined to the distance that might be performed in a day. No limits at all would have been more agreeable; but the supplementary treaty had provided expressly for their imposition. The public gardens of Shanghai have been described in the first volume.

A fourth of the area within the walls of Shanghai is cultivated ground, which, as well as the country on the outside, is tilled with all the care of a garden. The early crops consist of wheat and barley, which are sown in the winter, and advance rapidly to maturity. The sweet potato is not so universal as at Chusan, but varied with the *petsee*, the egg-plant, a small species of bean, and other culinaries. The peaches were out of season, but are said to be very fine; walnuts and chestnuts abound; but though the climate, 31 degrees, be the best for grapes, they are very poor, in consequence of neglect or ignorant management; while nothing repays care and culture so well as the vine. The pine-apple, so common in the south, will not flourish up here.

As the intendant of Shanghai insisted on giving me a Chinese feast, there was no evading it. One of the first dishes consisted exclusively of ducks' tongues, and on our lamenting the slaughter that must have

produced such a delicacy, the information was given that ducks are usually sold without their tongues, which are reserved to be dressed by themselves. Another strange *ragout* proved to be the flowers of the common China rose dressed whole. Here the mixture of salt, sour, and other indescribable flavors forbade a repetition. Being shown a Chinese bottle from the tombs at Thebes, in Egypt, our host pronounced in favor of its antiquity, on account of the smoothness of the standing part, which he said was always rough in modern China.

The unrivalled advantages of the position of Shanghai, the friendliness of the native authorities, and the zeal and exertions of the consul, were all pledges of the prosperity of this port of trade, which may be expected in no long period to surpass Canton. At that ancient seat of commerce, the people had, by their vicious and hostile propensities, long forfeited all claim to regard or sympathy; and it would be satisfactory to see them deprived of that foreign intercourse from which the wealth and importance of their city have been entirely derived.

In these volumes there occurs much valuable information, bearing, in a direct and practical way, on the subject of our future relations with the Chinese Empire. We feel the less regret at our inability to present any of this matter in the form of extract, because we have no doubt that all men who feel interest in the affairs of China, as well as many more who read for profitable pleasure only, will meet with it in the book itself.

From the Times, 1st May.

AUSTRALIA—GOLD—WOOL.

So long as the discovery of gold in Australia evinced merely the same features as those with which the public had already become familiar in California we felt little reason for serious alarm, and regarded the distress and pressure to which existing interests in the colony were subjected as the necessary ordeal through which they were destined to pass before they could arrive at a permanent state of higher prosperity. Looking with some disfavor upon the exclusive employment of the resources of the country in the production of wool to the neglect of all other means of developing its riches, and regarding with disapprobation the manner in which the Colonial-office had handed over so many millions of acres to the proprietors of flocks and herds, under the express conditions that the land should not be cultivated, we were not sorry to see a new occupation arise which might in some degree balance the excessive power of the dominant pastoral interest. That a few men capable of enduring hardship and great personal fatigue, should be enabled to procure for their labor a considerably higher remuneration than they could obtain in private employment, appeared by no means a subject of regret, more especially when it was remembered that the discovery of Australian gold-fields would arrest the emigration from there to California, would provide the colony with a fresh commodity of export, and probably attract towards it a considerable number of enterprising and hardy adventurers, well fitted either in the mine or forest to act as the pioneers of civilization and the explorers of wealth. This view of the subject seems, however, to be completely altered by the latest accounts from the gold mines of Victoria. It is gravely stated that the average earnings of a miner in this favored locality are

not less than twelve hundred a year, and that there appears to be an almost boundless quantity of the precious metal to be had for the taking.

Making any reasonable deduction for the possible exaggeration of these accounts, the result is still sufficiently formidable. The property which must be sacrificed in the shape of flocks and herds alone is enormous. Sheep and cattle require daily labor to preserve them in a country where fences are unknown and personal superintendence alone relied upon. Even to melt them into tallow requires an amount of manual labor which, under existing circumstances, cannot be commanded. The fleece of last October was shorn, for that was before the discovery or general knowledge of the extraordinary riches of Port Philip; but to what labor are we to look to obtain for the colonists the fleeces which in five months will be ready for the shearer?

It is not merely the amount of the capital to be destroyed that we have to consider. We must also remember the time which will be required to replace it. To produce the enormous flocks and herds which now roam over the plains of Australia has required the energy and intelligence of nearly half the century which has elapsed since the Merino sheep was first introduced into that congenial climate. If this stock be allowed to perish, it will require many years to renew, even allowing for a rate of increase stimulated by the most favorable circumstances. The cultivation of the vine is making the most rapid and encouraging progress; all the finest kinds are already domesticated, and year by year the vintage evinces a steady improvement. The vineyards must, we apprehend, necessarily be allowed to run wild, and a single year's neglect will destroy the germ of a product which was fast advancing to excellence. The gardens, the peculiar pride of the colonists, where the products of the temperate and torrid zone flourish side by side, must be surrendered to devastation, and premature decay will rapidly replace precocious development. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" was a melancholy but imaginary picture; how much sadder to see the early promise of civilization blighted in the bud than to dwell on its possible extinction after it shall have attained its full proportions!

If we turn from the material to the moral and intellectual effects of the change, the prospect is equally repulsive and disheartening. Intellectual labor is seldom highly rewarded or justly estimated in new countries, but in the state of things about to commence in Australia it will be absolutely at a discount. The successful barrister or physician can hardly hope to obtain an income equal to that which may be secured by a person merely endowed with the attribute of animal strength. The clergyman must content himself with a small fraction of the income of the day laborer, the skilled mechanic will receive a far lower remuneration for the exercise of his trade than the convict who has learnt dexterity in the use of the pickaxe from laboring on the roads or other public works. The estimate of the dignity of an occupation will follow in a great degree the amount of its reward. If brute strength be found more lucrative than trained skill or practised intellect, it is in a fair way to be more highly regarded. Such a state of things recalls the rude beginnings of society, and tends to undo all that civilization may previously have effected. The poor will become rich, and the rich poor, and a

total inversion of opinions is but too likely to follow the change in the relative estimation of classes.

We cannot wholly remedy this state of things. We can as little prevent greedy hands from being stretched out to reap the golden harvest as we can compel the teeming earth to withhold her treasures. But what can be done in the way of palliation ought to be attempted without loss of time. We pride ourselves on a reduction of the number of able-bodied paupers now pining in compulsory idleness throughout the country; but is it to be tolerated that our finest possessions should thus be destroyed before our eyes entirely for want of labor, when in England alone 137,000 adult persons are still in receipt of parish relief? To allow such a state of things to continue would be an indelible disgrace to our national character, and a practical denial of the existence of statesmanship even of the humblest order among us. Is it so utterly beyond the powers of the human mind to devise the means of remedying this inequality and of feeding the scarcity of one part of the empire with the redundancy of another? Is it only for the purposes of war and destruction that governments can transfer large masses of the human race from the shores of one continent to the shores of another? Is there enterprise enough in this country to send forth missionaries to starve on the storm-beaten rocks of Cape Horn, but not enough to convey paupers to become rich on the golden plains of Australia? If we could spend five millions in 1851 to perpetuate poverty and misery in this land, might we not spare one million in 1852 to remove that poverty and misery forever, even though the process should be attended with the result of saving the Australian colonist from destruction? We have the land revenues of Australia and the poor rates of England, an ample fund on which to secure the interest of any loan required for the purpose, and it would not be difficult, considering the unexampled facility of earning money in Australia, to obtain from the emigrant the repayment of the greatest portion of his passage-money. This latter object would be especially facilitated by an alteration in the law which should render unnecessary the heavy notarial charges and the stamp payable on such an agreement—an alteration by which two pounds could be saved in the case of every emigrant binding himself to any terms to be performed in the colonies. Without the loss of a single shilling to the public the large capital in Australia now threatened with destruction might be preserved, the pressure of the poor rates at home permanently alleviated, and the production of wealth enormously increased. A little while and the opportunity will be past, and the task of settling our Australian colonies must be almost commenced anew.

From the Spectator, 15th May.

MIDAS, with his ass's ears, starving amid the gold to which he turned everything he touched, was but a type of the Australian Colonies at this moment. The universal laboring population—and many of the better classes—have shouldered pickaxe and spade and are off to "the diggings," leaving the bewildered stockholders to see their fields remain untillied, their cattle run wild, and their sheep die of the scab and rot. Heaps of gold are piled up by madmen, who will soon have neither grain nor meat in their own land, nor wool, tallow, and hides, to purchase them from other countries. Like their ass-eared prototype, they will starve

amid their darling gold. Even the mother-country is menaced by their insanity; more than half the wool that now gives employment to our manufactures is the produce of Australia, and the withdrawal of this moiety will throw half our woollen-mills and their workmen idle. The evil might have been alleviated had a rational system of land-grants and efficient local self-government been timely introduced in Australia. Even in that case, however, the gold mania might have defeated all calculations and arrangements; at any rate, the time for making them has now passed. There is no adequate force in the colony to support the governor, legislature, and magistracy; when it is considered that the gold region appears to extend from the north of Sydney to the vicinity of Adelaide, any force would probably be unavailing.

From Household Words.

THE GREAT BRITISH GUM SECRET.

In the course of inquiries, by which we were enabled to draw up the article on Queen's Heads, we were shown, in the "adhesive" department of Messrs. Perkins and Company's establishment, several large barrels filled with a fine powder, of a dark straw color. This powder is, we are told, the basis of the adhesive paste with which the backs of postage labels are coated.

"Is it composed of —?" we asked, helping the tip of the tongue with a taste of it.

"That," said our cicerone, "was a secret."

We have since learnt the mighty secret.

In journeying from Dublin, westward, by the banks of the Liffey, we pass the village of Chapelizod, and hamlet of Palmerstown. The water power of the Liffey has attracted manufacturers at different times, who, with less or greater success, but, unfortunately, with a general ill-success, have established works there. Paper-making, starch-making, cotton-spinning and weaving, bleaching and printing of calicoes, have been attempted. But all have been in turn abandoned, though occasionally renewed by some new firm or private adventurer. Into the supposed causes of failure it is not here necessary to inquire. The manufacture of starch has survived several disasters.

The article British gum, which is now so extensively used by calico-printers, by makers-up of stationery, by the government in postage-stamp making, and in various industrial arts, was first made at Chapelizod. Its origin and history are somewhat curious.

The use of potatoes in the starch factories excited the vehement opposition of the people, whose chief article of food was thus consumed and enhanced in price. These factories were several times assailed by angry multitudes, and on more than one occasion set on fire by means never discovered. The fires were not believed to have been always accidental.

On the fifth of September, 1821, George the Fourth, on his return to England from visiting Ireland, embarked at Dunleary harbor, near Dublin. On that occasion the ancient Irish name of Dunleary was blotted out, and in honor of the royal visit that of Kingston was substituted. In the evening the citizens of Dublin sat late in taverns and at supper parties. Loyalty and punch abounded. In the midst of their revelry a cry of "fire" was heard. They ran to the streets, and some, following the glare and the cries, found the

fire at a starch manufactory near Chapelizod. The stores, not being of a nature to burn rapidly, were in great part saved from the fire, but they were so freely deluged with water, that the starch was washed away in streams ankle-deep over the roadways and lanes into the Liffey.

Next morning, one of the journeymen block-printers—whose employment was at the Palmerstown print-works but who lodged at Chapelizod—woke with a parched throat and headache. He asked himself where he had been. He had been seeing the king away; drinking, with thousands more, Dunleary out of, and Kingston into, the map of Ireland. Presently, his confused memory brought him a vision of a fire; he had a thirsty sense of having been carrying buckets of water; of hearing the hissing of water on hot iron floors; of the clanking of engines, and shouts of people working the pumps; and of himself tumbling about with the rest of the mob, and rolling over one another in streams of liquefied wreck, running from the burning starch stores.

He would rise, dress, go out, inquire about the fire, find his shopmates, and see if it was to be a working day, or once again a drinking day. He tried to dress; but—a—hoo!—his clothes were gummed together. His coat had no entrance for his arms until the sleeves were picked open, bit by bit; what money he had left was glued into his pockets; his waistcoat was tightly buttoned up with—what? Had he been bathing with his clothes on, in a sea of gum-arabic—that costly article used in the print-works!

This man was not the only one whose clothes were saturated with gum. He and four of his shopmates held a consultation, and visited the wreck of the starch factory. In the roadway, the starch, which, in a hot calcined state, had been watered by the fire-engines the night before, was now found by them lying in soft, gummy lumps. They took some of it home; they tested it in their trade; they bought starch at a chandler's shop, put it in a frying-pan, burned it to a lighter or darker brown, added water, and at last discovered themselves masters of an article, which, if not gum itself, seemed as suitable for their trade as gum-arabic, and at a fraction of the cost.

It was their own secret; and, could they have conducted their future proceedings as discreetly as they made their experiments, they might have realized fortunes, and had the merit of practically introducing an article of great utility—one which has assisted in the fortune-making of some of the wealthiest firms in Lancashire, (so long as they held it as a secret,) and which now the government of the British empire manufacture for themselves.

Its subsequent history is not less curious than that just related. Unfortunately for the operative block-printers who discovered it, their share in its history is soon told.

It is said that six of them subscribed money to send one of their number to Manchester with samples of the new gum for sale; the reply which he received from drysalters and the managers of print-works, was, either that they would have nothing to do with his samples, or an admonition to go home for the present, and return when he was sober. His fellow-workmen, hearing of his non-success, and fearing the escape of the secret, sent another of their number to his aid with more money. The two had no better success than the one. The remaining four, after a time, left their work at Dub-

lin, and joined the two in Manchester. They now tried to sell their secret. Before this was effected, one died; two were imprisoned for a share in some drunken riots; and all were in extreme poverty. What the price paid for the secret was, is not likely to be revealed now. Part of it was spent in a passage to New Orleans, where it is supposed the discoverers of British gum did not long survive their arrival.

The secret was not at first worked with success. It passed from its original Lancashire possessor to a gentleman who succeeded in making the article of a sufficiently good quality; and at so low a price that it found a ready introduction in the print-works. But he could not produce it in large quantity without employing assistants, whom he feared to trust with a knowledge of a manufacture so simple and so profitable. In employing men to assist in some parts of the work, and shutting them out from others, their curiosity, or jealousy, could not be restrained. On one or two occasions they caused the officers of excise to break in upon him when he was burning his starch, under the allegation that he was engaged in illicit practices. His manufactory was broken into in the night by burglars, who only wanted to rob him of his secret. Once the place was maliciously burned down. Other difficulties, far too numerous for present detail, were encountered. Still, he produced the British gum in sufficient quantities for it to yield him a liberal income. At last, in a week of sickness, he was pressed by the head of a well-known firm of calico-printers for a supply. He got out of bed; went to his laboratory; had the fire kindled; put on his vessel of plate-iron; calcined his starch, added the water, observed the temperature; and all the while held conversation with his keen-eyed customer, whom he had unsuspectingly allowed to be present. It is enough to say that this acute calico-printer never required any more British gum of the convalescent's making. Gradually the secret spread, although the original purchaser of it still retained a share of the manufacture.

When penny postage came into operation it was at first doubtful whether adhesive labels could be made sufficiently good and low-priced, which would not have been the case with gum-arabic. British gum solved the difficulty; and the manufacturer made a contract with Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Heath, to supply it for the labels. In the second year of his contract, a rumor (alluded to in our article on Queen's Heads) was spread, that the adhesive matter on the postage stamps was a deleterious substance, made of the refuse of fish, and other disgusting materials. The great British gum secret was then spread far and wide. The public was extensively informed that the postage-label poison was made simply of—potatoes.

From the Spectator.

BURGESS ON CLIMATE IN RELATION TO PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.*

WHATEVER may have been the progress of medicine in the diagnosis and treatment of disease,

* Climate of Italy in relation to Pulmonary Consumption, with Remarks on the Influence of Foreign Climates upon Invalids. By T. H. Burgess, M. D., &c., lately Physician to the Blenheim Street Dispensary. Published by Longman and Co.

scientific inquiry directed to meteorology, with a closer observation of facts, has placed the knowledge of climate on a sounder footing. Peace and facilities of locomotion may have contributed to lead to a better judgment, by accumulating data from which the conclusion was to be drawn. Till the close of the last century, continental travellers were few in number, and chiefly consisted of young men who were making "the grand tour." From 1790 to 1814-15, war or disturbances kept the movement-loving Briton at home. The persons who had the opportunity for speaking practically of a climate were unfitted to draw a conclusion. They were mostly casual visitors, in good health, and without the habit of mind fitting them to form an accurate opinion. From the want of instruments, the best physicians could only judge empirically; a local physician, who has the best opportunities, is seldom found to undervalue his place of practice. The patients sent to the fashionable spots might indeed form a truer notion, but they died without being able to make sign. It followed that the most fatal prejudices were entertained as to a climate for consumptive patients. For upwards of a century, Montpeller was considered the best spot on earth for pulmonary disease. Close and accurate observation has determined that Montpeller is one of the worst of places for a consumptive patient. Contemporary inquiries leave it doubtful whether even Madeira is in many cases entitled to its high reputation, and is not in some cases useless or mischievous. In short, it has become a question whether we have not localities at home quite as well adapted for the pulmonary patient, as regards climate, and much better in all other respects.

To establish this last point as a settled fact, is the effect, though not the ostensible aim, of Dr. Burgess' book. He considers the opinion of the late Dr. Mason and other modern physicians as to the advantages of Madeira, and coincides with their depreciatory view. He briefly touches upon Malta, and other Mediterranean places—as Gibraltar and Egypt; passing judgment against each, for reasons assigned. He then examines very fully, both from personal knowledge and recorded scientific observations, the climates of the south of France, and of Italy from Milan to Naples and from Genoa to Venice, deciding against them all, except, under certain conditions, Venice and Como. The opinions are pronounced not only from a survey of obvious local features, but from geographical characteristics, and the recorded facts of the thermometer and other instruments. They are accompanied by medical remarks on the nature of the disease; by graphic warning sketches of the conduct of invalids in seeking sights and pleasure in improper atmospheres—from which it may be inferred that artificial attractions are no recommendation to a residence for pulmonary invalids; and by picturesque descriptions of the different places. The meteorological facts are numerous, and somewhat dry; perhaps Dr. Burgess treats of places that might have been omitted—as the marshy plains of Lombardy, where few people are likely to go. The meteorology, however, is absolutely necessary to the conclusion; and Milan, Genoa, &c., to the completeness of the survey.

It is probable that a few years will effect a great change in the treatment of consumption. The propriety of distinguishing the different temperaments of patients, and carefully considering their general health, or the presence of other dis-

orders, has been recognized for some time. We think the late Dr. Mason was one of the first who called attention to the important changes which heat or cold respectively produce upon the organs of secretion; and that, as the French wit recommended you to ascertain whether the patient could bear the doctor as well as the disease, before you sent for him, so in consumption it becomes a question whether the patient has strength to undergo the acclimatizing that must take place if the climate is really different from his own. Dr. Burgess pursues this idea further. He holds the acknowledged truth that an *equable* climate is the main thing, and that so far from moderate cold or coolness being objectionable, it is in many cases an advantage, acting in fact as a tonic.

There is, however, something deeper than climate, or than tubercles in the lungs, which Dr. Burgess alludes to only slightly, as indeed the subject was not altogether in his way. What is the cause that induces the tubercles originally?—for, although they may be the first visible sign, they are after all but a symptom; and what hope is there, after causes, whether inherent or external, have produced a very advanced stage of disease, that climate should benefit the patient, unless it be by so strengthening his constitution as to enable him to throw off the disease? The direct irritation of our north-easterly winds upon the air-passages can be artificially modified at home; and foreign climates have winds of their own almost as mischievous. It is known, by experiments on animals, that tubercles can be readily produced by improper air and food, and up to a certain point be as readily cured by restoration to a congenial atmosphere and proper diet. Beyond a mere prolongation of life for a little, which might be done more cheaply and comfortably at home, climate would seem to operate by allowing the patient to be much in the open air, and gaining the strength which we all know the air gives. The earlier the stage of the disease at which this is tried, the better; after a certain period, it seems idle to attempt it.

Many graphic passages might be quoted from Dr. Burgess' description of places, or of the foolish conduct of patients, or conveying popular information on the subject of consumption; a part of the sketch of Rome will present the greatest variety in the briefest compass.

The approaches to Rome, either by the Florence road or that leading from Civita Vecchia, are anything but imposing. When the invalid arrives at the gates of the Eternal City, after traversing for several hours a wild heath without a human habitation to be seen, the first impression is invariably a feeling of disappointment. The Porta del Popolo is but a poor entrance to Rome, and far inferior to the gloomy, desolate, ruined aspect presented by the Coliseum, approaching by the road from Naples.

The pilgrim in search of health is at once struck with the sunk and low-lying situation of the modern city, under the Pincian hill, where he is to terminate his wanderings for a time and pass the winter. Parts of the modern or Christian city, as it is called, to distinguish it from the Rome of antiquity, are lower than the banks of the Tiber—still the "*flavus Tiberinus*"—and during the autumn and some portion of the winter are constantly inundated. The market-place in the neighborhood of the Pantheon, and that building itself, are often flooded, and even towards the end of October I have seen two feet of water in this open space. During the same month

the road to Civita Vecchia was impassable for several days, owing to heavy rains.

This, however, was an exceptional season, for the month of October is generally the most agreeable at Rome, and invalids are recommended to arrive at that period. The soil, refreshed by the September rains, is verdant and flowery. The city has a lively aspect during the celebration of the October fêtes, and the streets are thronged with gayly-dressed citizens, proceeding to the cool cellars of Monte Testaccio, singing the popular ballad, "*Viva Ottobre che spasso ci dà*," and other groups dancing the *salterello* to the sound of the mandolin.

When these fêtes are over, Rome returns to her sullen solemnity; and the enervating nature of the climate, together with the mournful aspect of her vast ruins, are more calculated to depress the mind than to inspire hope.

The sanative virtues of the Roman climate are supposed to exist in its mild and sedative qualities; which implies that its air is, to a certain extent, relaxing. But this popular idea seems like one of those fanciful speculations so prevalent at a former period, when the whole theory of medicine was sheer conjecture, handed down by tradition and received without inquiry. Why should a sedative and relaxing climate, however mild, be beneficial for a disease which is itself the result of a torpid and vitiated condition of one of the vital functions—nutrition? Even admitting that the mildness of atmosphere allays irritation of the lungs and facilitates the healing of superficial ulcers in those organs, (which it cannot do,) the source of the disease, the laboratory in which the tuberculous matter is formed, remains intact. Depraved digestion, mal-assimilation, vitiated nutrition, the morbid conditions which precede the degeneration of the blood, and the elimination and deposition of tubercles in the lungs, are fostered by the very ingredients which render this climate mild and sedative—the malarious effluvia and moisture which, in a greater or less degree, are never absent from Rome.

If this view be correct, it would appear that the very agent sought to allay pulmonary irritation and promote the healing of tuberculous cavities—a mild and sedative climate—is the most certain means of engendering the elements of the disease which give rise to these secondary lesions. It appears indubitable that the popular feeling in favor of a mild and relaxing climate for pulmonary consumption is altogether wrong, being based upon erroneous data, if not upon mere tradition. A cold climate, such as that of Norway or of Canada, and still air, are evidently more rational indications, if the formation of tuberculous matter is the result of a relaxed state of the vital functions, involving impaired digestion, depraved nutrition, and degeneration of the blood. Nothing is more calculated to derange the digestive organs than the sedative influence of a malarious atmosphere. Its injurious influence upon the biliary functions is well known to every physician whose practice lies in the vicinity of marshes. So that whatever good the mildness of such a climate may effect in allaying irritation in the bronchial mucous membrane, and thereby lessening the circulation, must be at the expense of the general health and of disordered nutrition.

CHARACTER.—How different is the human mind according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependents of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind, in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern; just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for a city!—*Bulwer*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CURIOSITIES OF ARCTIC TRAVEL.*

WE have already given a general idea of what was accomplished by the Arctic expeditions under the orders of Captain Austin and Captain Penny, in their adventurous search for Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. The two great features of these expeditions were the travelling parties sent out by Captain Austin in search of the missing expedition, over ice-clad waters and snow-bound lands, exposed to an unparalleled amount of cold, and great privations; and the boat and sledge exploration and discovery of the prolongation of Wellington Channel, by Captain Penny and his party. The details of these particular expeditions having been now presented to both houses of Parliament by command of her majesty, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of conveying to our readers some further idea of the character of these exploratory travels, of the labor and privations undergone, the discoveries effected, and the new experiences of Arctic life presented to us in these truly remarkable exploits.

The preliminary labors of Lieutenants Aldrich and M'Clintock, in advancing depôts, in September, 1850, in order to aid the parties which were to start in the spring on more extended journeys, are not of sufficient interest to merit more than cursory mention. It was even found advisable to have these depôts examined and increased, and, in the instance of that on the north-west point of Somerville Island, advanced to the south-west point of Lowther Island, before the spring travelling parties set out. This was not without reason; for at the latter depôt the greater part of the provisions were found to have been destroyed by bears and foxes. Even the iron potato cases had been crushed, and, in several instances, literally torn. Mr. Geo. F. M'Dougall's party fell in with some of these bears, which, after keeping them company some time, passed ahead, faced round, and advanced towards them, apparently with the intention of attack. The sledges were accordingly stopped, and the party armed with pikes to receive their Arctic assailants. Mr. M'Dougall having, however, shot one of the younger animals, they all judged it prudent to retreat. Before doing this, however, a large old bear placed herself in such a position as to enable the young wounded animal to grasp her hinder quarters with her fore paws, and then trotted off with her burden faster than they could walk, turning occasionally to watch their proceedings. "Never before," says Mr. M'Dougall, "had I witnessed such an instance of devoted affection in an animal, which, though wounded severely by Corporal Beer and myself in the back and foot, continued at the post of danger until we had closed within fifty yards, when, maddened with rage and pain, she advanced rapidly towards us. At this somewhat critical moment I fired, and struck the bear in the head; and, rubbing the wounded side occasionally in the snow,

she made off, and left the young bear to her fate, which was soon decided by a bullet." The flesh was found, however, to be in very bad condition, and the party obtained only about twenty pounds of fat, which answered admirably for fuel, when mixed with tallow.

So much for a bear story. The notes of occurrences are throughout full of characteristic episode, the more naïve and original according to the character of the narrator. Thus, Mr. M'Dougall records that, on the 16th, "during the evening, Richard Ellis complained of snow blindness; dropped some opiate of wine into each eye, which caused almost immediate relief. Held a musical festival this evening, which lasted till past midnight." A musical festival amid ice and snow, with little or no covering, the temperature so low that the bottles of water kept close to the body became solid, and kept up to midnight, does not convey the idea of exceeding enjoyment. One only wonders that the sound did not, as in a well-known apocryphal instance, freeze in the air, only to melt and produce mysterious music in the height of summer, to the astonishment of some wandering Bruin or lonely walrus.

The experience obtained in these preliminary excursions was of use to those subsequently undertaken at greater length. It was found that the cooking apparatus was not strong enough to stand the wear and tear; that the allowance of tallow or spirits of wine for fuel was not sufficient to cook their provisions with comfort; that the substitution of more bread for less pemmican was desirable; and that chocolate was preferred for breakfast, tea making but a light meal to travel on.

We now turn, then, to the more important sledge expeditions, beginning with that of Captain Ommanney as first in rank, and whose instructions were, we find, distinctly to search to the southward and westward, between Cape Walker and Banks' Land, in such directions as might appear likely for the missing expedition to have taken; should the coast be found to present bays or inlets, one party was to examine those, whilst the other was advancing to the westward. It is obvious, from these instructions of Captain Austin's, that he had a westerly prolongation of the research in view towards Banks' Land, which we find Captain Henry Kellett considers may be one with Melville Island (a very doubtful circumstance), and that he never contemplated that southerly trending of the coast followed by Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Osborn, which kept the party so far to the eastward as to leave a space of eleven degrees of longitude between the coast explored by them and the said Banks' Land, at least so far as the latter is known: and thus the whole question as to whether Sir John Franklin's ships sailed through any portion of these eleven degrees to the south-westward, or upwards, by Wellington Channel, is as much in doubt as ever.

The sufferings undergone at the very onset by Captain Ommanney's party, from frost-bites and snow-blindness, were so severe, that, before they had been out a fortnight, many of the men were disabled, and a sledge had to be sent back, thus reducing the division to four sledges. By the 29th of April (the party started on the 15th) Lieutenant Osborn was perfectly blind. The sun proved, indeed, throughout as great an obstacle to progress as the frost. It obliged them always to travel by night only. On the 4th of May, it was found necessary to send back another sledge with inva-

* Report of the Committee appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to inquire into and report on the recent Arctic Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin; together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee, and Papers connected with the subject. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.)

Additional Papers relative to the Arctic Expedition under the Orders of Captain Austin and Captain Penny. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.)

hills. Out of sixty days that Captain Ommanney's party were out, ten were most painfully passed within the narrow limits of a tent, during violent gales, with heavy snow-drifts, rendering travelling impossible; five more were delayed by casualties, and in examination of the land. The party encamped, during this long period, but eight times on dry land.

At first starting, as may be easily imagined, the travellers did not sleep, from the novelty of their situation; but they soon got over that. A specimen of one day's travel at the outset will give a general idea of the system pursued. The hour for breakfast will read strange to the uninitiated:

Wednesday, 16th of April.—The strength of wind, with falling snow in our faces, the weight of the sledges, together with the uneven, hard ridges of snow, rendered the work of dragging very laborious. Two, A. M., division encamped near broken, hummocky ice; wind S. S. E.; thick weather, with snow. After partaking of some tea, got into blanket-bags by four, A. M. Did not sleep, owing to novelty of situation. Throughout the day the gale continued to blow with squalls, with drift and snow. The same weather continued through the journey. At three, P. M., aroused the cook to prepare breakfast; gale moderating; heard the floe crack several times. Five—read prayers, and breakfasted on tea and cold pemmican. Received the medical officer's report, "All well," and a satisfactory one from each officer of the efficiency of each party; none appear to have slept sound.

The thermometer at this time was $+14$, that is to say, 18° below freezing point. The order of proceeding was in one line, each sledge following in the wake of the next ahead. A "spell O" was made every half hour, when the leader was changed—a precaution to prevent the eyes being overstrained, the leader having nothing to relieve the glare of the surrounding floe; two officers half a mile in advance to lead the way. They had not been out four days' marches before they found out that they were quite out of place in the Arctic regions, and that human beings had indeed no right there whatsoever. "The scene around us," says the report, "was one of peculiar solitude and gloom; nothing but a snowy desert encircled by the horizon, without a speck for the eye to rest on; human life appears intrusive and unwelcome in such a region of desolation." Luncheon usually consisted of cold salt pork, biscuit, and half allowance of grog; water was procured by dissolving snow or ice in the cooking apparatus. Pipes were enjoyed at every meal, and the men were in general cheerful and willing at their work. At times they were enabled to make sail on the sledges with floor-cloths, which answered admirably, and relieved the men, some requiring but two men to drag.

Kites were tried, but found useless, the speed of the sledges slackening the line which caused them to fall. When it blew hard, the sledges scudding along before the wind, with their sails set, looked like a fleet of junks.

One of the earliest inconveniences experienced after frost-bites, snow-blindness, and painfully cold winds, was from the shrinking of the canvass boots. The cold also began to penetrate through the blanket-bags, preventing sleep at day. This was when the wind blew from the north, and the thermometer fell to $+5$, or 27° below the freezing point. On the 22d of April, the thermometer fell to -15° , or 47° below freezing point, a tem-

perature which, combined with wind, appears to have put a stop to all work. The men were glad to get into their bags, but several were severely frost-bitten. The cold was intense, the canvass of the tents not thick enough to keep out the wind, and that, with the tents themselves rattling about their ears, put sleep out of the question. Hot soup, at such crises as these, was found particularly refreshing. "But," says one of the reporters, "let it not be supposed that our hardships and privations were not attended with concomitant comforts—comforts whose extent can never be felt by those who are accustomed to the luxury of beds, or even to the bare ground in less rigorous climes. Not the tired soldier, when, after a long march, he wraps himself in his cloak, and lays him down by the watch-fire—not the South American horseman, to whom sleep has been a stranger for thirty hours, when, overpowered by drowsiness, and with his bridle twisted round his arm, he drops from his saddle and falls into a delightful slumber—not the laborer who, after a heavy day's work, returns to his humble dwelling to refresh himself in sleep—none of these can imagine the enchanting dreams and delicious repose experienced by the Arctic traveller, when, with his pemmican stowed comfortably away, he enconceals himself for the night in his blanket-bag. The agreeable passages of the past, and all that imagination can prompt as delightful for the future, pass across the dreamer's mind, and banqueting halls, with tables groaning under a profusion of luxuries, are laid out before him. This latter image is more vivid if the day's meal has happened to be more meagre than usual."

On the 23d of April, Captain Ommanney describes himself as taking formal possession of the land, in the name of our gracious sovereign, and planting the "British flag" in the ground, with three cheers. This was the happy land, in which "human life appears intrusive and unwelcome." The acquisition of so desirable a piece of territory will, no doubt, add considerably to the power and prosperity of Great Britain, and the dignity of the sovereign. It is but fair to say, however, that some hares and snow-buntings were seen; and traces of Eskimos were also observed upon this desolate land. By the eighth day, the strength of the men was becoming affected by the severity of the weather, and confinement to tent. Mock suns were very common, and the more brilliant as the cold was the more intense; or, as one of the men had it, "When them ere sun-dogs shows themselves, we always gets double allowance from Jack Frost." At such times, the thermometer fell to -39 , or 71 degrees below freezing point. The poor fellows, under these circumstances, bagged as warm as they could, but being unable to sleep, singing was commenced after grog, and kept up till breakfast and prayer time. Hot coffee was very naturally found to be the most enjoyable and warming drink under such circumstances. On the 12th and 13th days of March, the sky cleared, and the sun's rays are described as "scorching;" this with a temperature in the shade of from 34 to 62 degrees below freezing point! The consequences of the glare was increased snow-blindness, and Lieutenant Osborn was once more totally blind for some time. The treatment adopted was dropping wine of opium into the eye—the pain of which was excruciating.

At this time, traces of foxes and ptarmigan were observed. On the 15th day of March, a real live

hare was actually seen, and, on the 19th a dark-colored fox—the only one met with. Prints of reindeers' feet were also observed. On the 25th day of March, they saw a covey of nine white grouse. This nine-grouse land was also immediately taken possession of in the name of Queen Victoria. By the 28th of March, several men were ill, and all were complaining of weakness, and pains in the shoulders. When the men were "particularly miserable," Captain Ommanney says he issued an extra allowance of grog at luncheon. Some very vain attempts were made under the circumstances to try and kill time by an odd number or two of "Chambers' Journal," and smoking; but even the two opiates combined had little effect upon cold, and cramps, and pains, arrayed on the other side in a tight little phalanx of evils. On the thirty-third march they winged a ptarmigan, but could not catch it; hares were also more numerous; but although the party, on their side, failed in getting any fresh provisions, a fox succeeded, on his, in getting a meal off a gun-clover. At length, on the thirty-fifth day of travel, they turned their backs on what Captain Ommanney justly calls "this miserable gulf—probably the first and last Europeans ever destined to sight its dreary shores."

On their return, the temperature began to rise considerably. The thermometer was at times above freezing point. The heat in the tent is described as "quite oppressive;" grass and moss began to appear, and with it traces of deer. On the fortieth march they shot their first ptarmigan, and on the forty-first two were killed. The same man, Campbell, shot two more on the forty-fourth march, and a bear was seen the same day. This was off Cape Walker, where gulls are described as breeding in great numbers on the cliffs. On the 9th of June, summer suddenly burst on the travellers, and seals and ducks were seen, in addition to bears, deer, foxes, hares, ptarmigan, and gulls. On Thursday, the 12th of June, they were awake at three, p.m., by a dog barking, which proved to be at a bear close to the tent, and they soon heard his growl; all roused up in confusion on finding such an unwelcome visitor so near—the gun went off by accident; Bruin then poked his nose against the tent poles, which brought the tent down upon the top of the whole party, and left them at the mercy of the beast. As they emerged, they got a view of him—an enormous, ugly brute, whose curiosity was drawn to a blanket, bag, and knapsack; in the mean time Campbell got the other gun, and wounded him in the fore-leg, above the paw, when he retreated, to their great relief. Captain Ommanney then followed him up with Campbell, and after a chase of a mile, (the bear on three legs,) he made a stand, under a hammock, at twenty yards, and the last of Bruin is thus narrated: "Put a ball through his shoulder and chest, and left him to die." In the evening they went out and skinned it.

On the 14th of June, Captain Ommanney regained the ships, after an absence of sixty days, "deeply grateful to the Almighty Disposer of all events for numerous mercies vouchsafed." His mind, he further says, firmly convinced of the impracticability of any ships navigating along the coast that had been explored, because shoals extend along the greater portion of it. This is so far true; but when the gallant captain afterwards adds, he can entertain no hope of ships ever reaching the continent of America south-west of Cape

Walker, we are bound to say, that however likely such a statement may really be, we do not see that either Captain Ommanney's or Lieutenant Osborn's explorations have in any way settled that point. They have left, as before stated, an extent of eleven degrees of ice, land, or water, unexplored between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and it does not exactly follow that, even suppose no ships could navigate the coast explored by these gallant officers, there might not be, at certain times and seasons, navigable waters to the south-west throughout any part of the before mentioned unexplored space.

The journals of the other sledge parties present so many features in common one with the other, that we shall not repeat details, but content ourselves with selecting points of novelty in Arctic travel. In the journal of her majesty's sledge *Succour*, Lieutenant Meham, we find it noticed that one William Tullett had brought with him a pair of boots made of blue cloth, with leather soles, and lined with blanket, and that with these he did not complain of cold feet, and found no difficulty in getting them off; whereas the shrinking of the canvass boots was one of the chief grievances the men had to complain of. Lieutenant Meham also advocates, as do others, the use of robes made of buffalo-skins; and most of the officers agreed in condemning the tents, as too small, and wanting more cloth.

On Lieutenant Browne's expedition with the sledge *Enterprise*, and which travelled for some distance along the eastern shores of the land explored on the western side by Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Osborn, one of the first discoveries was a poor little snow-bunting, frozen to death. Lieutenant Browne very wisely set the men to work at once enlarging the obnoxious canvass boots across the instep, so as to enable the men to wear more wrappers on their feet, as also to facilitate pulling the boots on when hard, and taking them off when shrunk. On the 26th of April, there is no record of the temperature on this journey, for the very satisfactory reason that the mercury was frozen in the neck of the instrument. The chronometer also stopped, apparently from excessive cold. On the 13th of May, a wolf came up to the tent, and was wounded, but made his escape. On their way back, we find the following entry: "Eleven, p.m. (May 24.) Observed some dark objects on the floe, a long distance off, which were at first supposed to be seals, but which proved to be a travelling party, under command of Mr. Krabbe, from her majesty's ship *Assistance*, having some provisions, and for this party among the rest." What a difference! and how can we enter into the feelings of the tired wanderers, revelling in all the luxury of preserved milk and extra tea! Lieutenant Browne is, like the rest, an advocate of Liebig's doctrines for keeping up animal heat in the Arctic regions. He says less pemmican is wanted, but more fat, tallow, spirits, and tea. The strait explored by Lieutenant Browne, and which extends between North Somerset and the newly-explored lands, he thinks is rarely, if ever, sufficiently open for the purposes of navigation. We should be inclined to suppose so too, and think it a pity that his party and sledge were not sent to the westward of Cape Walker, instead of south-eastward.

The first day that Lieutenant Osborn parted company with Captain Ommanney, to proceed further westward, (March 17th,) his journey lay across long projecting spits of shingle, with ground

ed ice, amidst which his party killed a fox. On the 25th, having made sail on the sledge, it went on so fast, rising and pitching over the snow ridges, that the men had to run to keep up with it. It merely required to be steered by a drag-rope; and occasionally a man was obliged to sit on it, to retard its progress. The canvass boots were on this occasion found useful, after the summer thaw had set in. At this time saddle-back seals were abundant, and geese, phalaropes, and dovekeys, were wending their way northwards. Gulls of various kinds, burgomasters, and boatswain birds, were also flying about. Traces of bears were exceedingly numerous. In June, the country around Cape Walker appears to be redolent with animal life.

In a second account of the same journey, by Mr. R. Vesey Hamilton, the crop of a ptarmigan is described as having been opened, and the contents found to consist of willow buds, "very good indeed." Mr. Hamilton added to previous explorations an examination of Young and Lowther Islands.

Lieutenant Aldrich explored part of the coast of Cornwallis Island, Bathurst Island, the Straits and Island of Byam Martin, and the coast north-westward of Bathurst Island, to beyond the 76th deg. of north latitude. This party, having made holes in their tent for ventilation, suffered less from condensation inside. They complained of the "perfect nothingness" for the eye to rest upon, as more trying than the brightest sun. On the 26th of April, the twelfth day of travelling, they saw two deer—this, it is to be observed, considerably to the northward of the journeys we have been hitherto describing. On the 27th, the thermometer being 68 degrees below freezing point, the hot grog was frozen inside the tent, if not soon drunk. This day they saw four deer grazing. On the 7th of May, the first two birds passed them. On the 17th, herbage was abundant, but the weather of that dark and dismal nature, that Lieutenant Aldrich says, although a colored object was visible, his head and face came in contact with a ridge of rough ice ere he saw it. At length, fuel failing, they were obliged to return, the men heartily surrendering their grog for fuel, to continue their search after their missing countrymen. The weather, during the greater part of this expedition, was very boisterous and hazy, and all the party suffered much from frost-bites and snow-blindness. Lieutenant Aldrich describes himself as walking alongside the sledge, keeping his eyes intently engaged in looking at it, to relieve them. "It is impossible," he says, "to describe the pain and feeling which the complete absence of light and shade creates." On the 3d of June, they stumbled, to their great delight, upon fresh water running down the hills. While they were filling their cans, a flight of ducks, no doubt intending to alight there, flew past close overhead, but were, unfortunately, out of shot before the guns could be got at. After this, the weather continuing to get warmer, they saw plenty of deer, but too wild to be got at. They succeeded, however, in killing a bear. Lieutenant Aldrich appears to have been pleased with everything—tents, canvass boots, and wolf-skins; and reports himself always as especially enjoying "supper, prayer, and rest." He had just the frame of mind to meet the privations, and to contend against the difficulties, of an Arctic sledge journey.

We now come to that which, next to Mr.

Penny's discovery of Queen's Channel, was the crowning exploratory journey of the whole expedition—that is, Lieutenant M'Clintock's sledge journey to Melville Island. This expedition was assisted, the first day of starting, by the wind, sail and kites having been set. The weather, however, was cold and gloomy, with snow. On the 22d of April, the party came up with the ruins of an Eskimo encampment, around which were many whalebones and footprints of reindeer, glut-ton, lemming, bear, and foxes. The next day the wind was so cold that frost-bites were constantly playing about the men's faces. Scarcely was one cheek restored, when the other would be caught. It was too cold to lunch, and many were also severely frost-bitten in their feet. On the 24th, the interior of the tent was so cold, that the steam of cooking, mixed with the moisture of the breath, condensed in such quantities that each flap caused a shower of fine snow to fall over the men, penetrating and wetting their blanket-bags. The 25th, Lieutenant M'Clintock describes himself as much struck with the beauty and luxuriance of a bright red lichen, on sandstone rocks. On the 27th, they passed the tracks of thirty or forty reindeer, almost all of them going northwards; and on the 28th they saw deer and tracks of musk oxen. On the 29th, Mr. Shellabear returned to the ships, in charge of a number of men disabled by frost-bites and sickness. "It was with sincere regret," Lieutenant M'Clintock records, "that I bade farewell to those poor fellows, whom it had become necessary to send back. Unconscious of the danger of neglecting their injured extremities, and despising the pain which labor occasioned, they still desired to go; and their sad countenances betrayed the bitter disappointment felt at being unable to proceed further on our humane mission."

The cold was so intense at this time, that the bottles of water, carried by the men in their breasts, were generally frozen after an hour or two; the fat of salt pork broke like suet, and the rum became thick. It required considerable precaution to drink out of a pannikin, without leaving the skin of the lips attached to it.

On the 30th, Cape Cockburn bearing W. N. W. ten miles, they crossed upwards of forty bear-tracks, and, shortly after pitching their tents, one of this numerous tribe paid them a visit:

The guns were prepared, (says Lieut. M'Clintock,) men called in, and perfect silence maintained in our little camp. The animal approached rapidly from to leeward, taking advantage of every hummock to cover his advance, until within seventy yards; then, putting himself in a sitting posture, he pushed forward with his hinder legs, steadying his body with his fore-legs outstretched. In this manner he advanced for about ten yards further; stopped a minute or two intently eyeing our encampment, and snuffing the air in evident doubt; then he commenced a retrograde movement, by pushing himself backward with his fore-legs, as he had previously advanced with the hinder ones. As soon as he presented his shoulder to us, Mr. Bradford and I fired, breaking a leg, and otherwise wounding him severely; but it was not until he had got 300 yards off, and received six bullets that we succeeded in killing him. It proved to be a large male, extremely thin. All the fat and blubber, amounting only to 50 lbs., was taken; also some choice steaks. The stomach contained portions of seal.

How patient in the pursuit of his prey must these furry denizens of the icy regions be, to catch

so wary an animal as a seal—an animal that the sledge parties never succeeded in capturing or shooting! How long a period must they go sometimes between meal and meal!

The first thing the party found, on reaching Byam Martin Island, was the dung of deer and oxen. The beach was a mixture of gravel and mud. On some of the very few patches of land, bare of snow, there was a good deal of short grass, moss, and saxifrage. Mr. Bradford having shot two large hares, they had stewed hare for breakfast. There were also ptarmigan on the island. Another party of invalids was sent back from hence to the ship.

On Sunday, the 11th of May, they celebrated their arrival at Melville Island by an extra issue of grog. Here the parties separated, Lieutenant M'Clintock continuing his way to the westward, Mr. Bradford following the eastern coast. Melville Island was found, at the onset, to abound, as Sir Edward Parry ascertained to be the case, in animal life more than most of the Polar lands situated in more southerly parallels. Traces of bears, foxes, and ptarmigan and snow-buntings, were seen on the second day. Traces of oxen were seen on the 13th. On the 14th, Lieutenant M'Clintock shot two large hares and a ptarmigan. These, he says, as well as the hares subsequently seen, were beautifully white, and of large size, and they were as tame as any one most anxious to procure game could wish. On the 18th, they shot a bear, which added a little blubber and fat to their fuel. With such abundance, they were enabled to breakfast off a mixture of pemmican and ptarmigan, followed by bear-steaks fried in pork fat, and chocolate. The science of gastronomy appears to have been wofully neglected by the expedition, and Lieutenant M'Clintock speaks very disparagingly of the culinary practices of his followers. "My party," he says, "do not discriminate between the various kinds of meat, but zealously fill the kettle; and, as we have all pretty keen appetites, there is never any difficulty in disposing of its contents."

On the 19th, they saw a herd of ten musk-oxen, and soon afterwards a more distant herd of five. They approached the large herd cautiously, but not without being observed by the only one standing up, and which seemed to be on the look-out. Having got to within 100 yards, they shot the watchman—a bull, the largest and most formidable of the whole herd. The remainder continuing to gaze stupidly (poor things! unaccustomed to the sight of human beings), a cow was also shot. The same day, they saw four reindeer; three of them were perfectly white, the fourth had dark-colored sides. Certainly Melville Island seems, from some reason hitherto not accounted for, to be the great central station of animal life in those particular regions. This may be owing, in some degree, to the geological structure of the island, which may be favorable to the melting of snow and ice, and the production of vegetation.

Lieutenant M'Clintock describes the slope of the hill where the first hares were shot, as partially cleared of snow, and clad with mosses, saxifrage, drabee, and tufts of short grass. This was on the 14th of May. But it is probably more particularly connected with the position of the land in reference to desolate southern regions, an open sea, and warmer temperature northward, and to connexions and relations with other lands or seas to the westward, which are as yet an enigma. Sincerely do we hope that Sir John Franklin's expedi-

tion may have been detained near some lands half so well provided with animal life, and we should have little to fear for them.

It is impossible to record the quantity of hares and ptarmigan shot by the party, and the number of animals seen. At one time we have a description of bears snuffing the air, and hunting for seals; at another, of new droves of musk-oxen. Thus, on the 22d:—

Made out a herd of musk-oxen with the spy-glass. They were more than two miles off, but the prospect of getting more beef, and of thus being enabled to increase our daily allowance, and also lengthen our journey, induced me to set off with a rifle. The herd consisted of eight full-grown animals. They did not see me until within 200 yards of them, and then they suddenly galloped away for a few yards, halted, and formed for defence in a semicircle, close together, with their heads down, their strangely curved horns resembling a row of hooks in a butcher's shop. When within 100 yards, I waited for several minutes until the largest one, which was on the left flank, moved so as to present his shoulder, and then shot him. Those nearest him moved out of the way as he reeled and fell, but otherwise they were not in the least disturbed, continuing in the same defensive posture until I had retired to a considerable distance, and then, without noticing their fallen companion, renewed their search for pasture, by scraping away the snow with their hoofs. Had it been my object to do so, I think I might easily have shot two thirds of the oxen we have yet seen.

The next day a party went to cut up the ox. The herd was grazing near, and actually took no more notice of their proceedings than so many tame cows!

Lieutenant M'Clintock disturbed, on the 24th of May, no less than eleven hares at the base of one hill. Their feeding-ground was covered with grass, not in tufts as before met with, but as in pasture land in milder climates. On subsequent days they were seen in flocks of from twenty to thirty feeding on the slopes of the hills. This abundance of fresh meat, with an unlimited allowance of excellent beef, soon made itself apparent in the increased strength and improved appearance of the party.

On the 28th of May, Banks' Land was seen. It appeared to be very lofty, with steep cliffs, and large ravines. The same day, being at the extreme westerly point of Melville Island, the coast was seen trending for the first time away to the north-east, towards a distant bluff, which formed a noble headland. Beyond this again, Lieutenant M'Clintock distinguished very high and distant land. The gallant explorer was induced, from all he saw from this advanced point of observation, to believe that the channel continues to the westward.

Lieutenant M'Clintock adds, however, that this discovery of land, extending from Cape Beechey to the westward for at least seventy-five miles, destroyed the ardent hope of finding their missing countrymen which had hitherto sustained them. There only remained the possibility of their ships having wintered on the northern shores of Melville Island, and of some of their parties having visited Bushnan Cove, described in such glowing terms by Sir Edward Parry, either for the purpose of procuring game (of which he says the north shore is utterly destitute), or as a short cut to Banks' Land and the continent. He accordingly determined to visit it, and return overland to Winter Harbor, for which excursion he had just enough provisions remaining. They had now traced the

coast round from Point Hearne to Liddon's Gulf, in eight and a half forced marches; and the fatigue consequent on this, and the anxiety of the last few days, were beginning to tell upon all of them, but still they determined not to have a day's rest till they reached Winter Harbor.

They reached the cove—described as a dark, steep, rugged ravine, with a grand but rather forbidding appearance—on Sunday, the 1st of June, and there they found the remains of Sir Edward Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820; no Arctic explorer having since that time got so far to the west. The details are sufficiently curious to deserve extracting:—

Leaving two men to prepare supper, for which purpose they were to collect the withered stems of willows, which are numerous here, I took the sledge and the other four men up the cove, in search of Sir Edward Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820. On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate account published of his journey saved us much labor in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow, the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route, where all seemed equally bad, was selected; therefore sent the men directly up its north bank in search of the wheels, which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once. Erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record in it, in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle containing Parry's cylinder was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation, I would have restored it to its lonely position. Some tin canteens or water-bottles were found. They were bright on the outside, but wet had lodged within, and rust had eaten small holes through all of them. The ammunition consisted of musket and pistol ball cartridge, packed in a preserved meat-tin, which fell to pieces as we attempted to lift it. The water had lodged about it, and the powder was reduced to a dark paste. In his account of this journey, Sir Edward Parry mentions a "sumptuous meal of ptarmigan" which his party enjoyed at this place. Their bones were still strewn about the encampment, and I was astonished at their fresh appearance; they were not decayed, but merely bleached, and snapped like the bones of a bird recently killed.

Found water along the beach, at the head of Bushnan Cove, but it was too salt to drink. There appeared to be but little vegetation; the most common plant was the willow, and it bore no sign of returning spring. Found growing here the plant "*tetragona andromeda*," the same, I believe, that Mr. Rae used as fuel during his winter at Repulse Bay. It is somewhat remarkable that we have not met with it elsewhere since entering Lancaster Sound. A few ptarmigan were seen, and a dead lemming picked up, but no other indications of animals were met with, except the track of a fox.

The portions of the cart, which they brought away with them, furnished them with a sufficiency of fuel for four days. One of the tin vessels was also found to contain a mixture of tallow and linseed oil, and this supply of fuel was the more

welcome, as, their tallow and blubber being all expended, they had had only one spirit-lamp to cook with for some days past.

On the 2d of June they started back across Liddon's Gulf, visiting Hooper's Island on the way. Heard foxes imitating the cry of wild geese, to seduce them into their clutches. The same day they shot a young deer, one of several. He was nearly white, with horns two inches in length; the hair came out on being touched. When the young one was shot, it lay quietly down, and the others seemed unconscious of danger. As they advanced, he made an effort to escape, and whilst the men were employed skinning and cutting him up, the others trotted round them two or three times before they finally deserted their fallen companion. Just on getting into Winter Harbor, on the 5th of the same month, they shot two musk-oxen out of a herd of thirteen, and, the next day, one more.

The low land surrounding Winter Harbor (where an inscription, on a remarkable mass of sandstone, commemorates that the *Hecla* and *Griper* wintered in 1819-20) and the harbor ice were so completely covered with snow, that it was with difficulty the one could be distinguished from the other. The men were quite at a loss, and when told they were in Winter Harbor, dryly remarked that "it well deserved the name."

The representatives of the Arctic fauna were, however, both numerous and various here. There were musk-oxen, deer, ducks, plover, ptarmigan, (three of which were shot close to the tent,) and sandpipers. A hare, that was disturbed on their first approach from beneath the monumental sandstone-rock, came towards them, sat down quietly within twenty yards for some time, and then retired back again to her home. As they rested here a day, Lieutenant M'Clintock relates that they got on most friendly terms with puss. She regarded them with the utmost confidence, hopped about the tent all day, and would almost allow the men to touch her. Not wishing to repay such affecting confidence by ill-treatment, the lieutenant was obliged to reason some of the men out of their desire to carry her back to the ship as a "pet from Winter Harbor." "I have never seen," he adds, "any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there can scarcely be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been there. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it." Here are new experiences for the naturalist; hares and musk-oxen, that have not seen men before, are not afraid of them. Perhaps, indeed, only rapacious animals and most of the feline tribe are so by instinct, as in the case recorded of the bear, and only attack men when extremely pressed by hunger. The party gathered enough willow at this place to last two or three days.

At Fife Harbor they drew a record out of a bottle left by the *Hecla* and *Griper*, in 1819, and which was in a state of perfect preservation. At Bounty Island, in addition to the other birds previously noticed, they saw silvery gulls and dotterels, and brent-geese. Turf might be cut here in quantity; and sorrel, an admirable anti-scorbutic, was found at every place they landed. They also saw some seals of immense size, and strangely mottled. Beyond this they found the remains of Eskimo habitations. Shells were also picked up in abundance, showing the existence of shell-fish

even in these seas, which are only free of ice a few weeks in the year.

On the 11th of June, progress was impeded by the bursting out of water from the ravines, the flooding of the level grounded ice, snowy quagmires, and bare mud-banks. The sea ice between Melville and Byam Martin Islands was also found to be covered with wet, adhesive snow. On the 15th, they had stewed goose and ducks for breakfast, cooked with strips of gutta-percha, which burned well. On the 16th, they reached Byam Martin Island. Proceeding from hence, the snow being so soft that both men and sledge sank in it, the progress became still more laborious. On the 18th, they only made four miles, after nine and a quarter hours' toil. On reaching Bathurst Island they had the good fortune to find hard snow along the land; and on the 4th of July, after having overtaken Mr. Bradford's sledge party, they arrived safely at the ships.

In the journal of the proceedings of her majesty's sledge *Dasher*, Mr. W. B. Shellbear commanding limited party attached to the Melville Island branch, we find some account of how the bears get at the seals. This was on the 1st of May, when returning with invalids:

4 h. p. m. Observed two bears ahead; lowered sails, and hid behind the sledges.

The bears then slowly came to within a hundred yards, and then began smelling round the hummocks. At last, the bigger of the two, having, we supposed, smelt a seal, commenced making a hole through the ice, close to a hummock, which he did by rising on his hind legs, and falling with the whole weight of his body on his fore-legs, and then scraping away the snow with his fore-paws. This he repeated until he had made his hole, and he then put his head and shoulders into it, and waited in that position for some time, the small one all the while watching the sledges attentively.

As there was no chance of his coming nearer, under present circumstances, and we were getting cold and tired of waiting, we thought it better to creep towards them, and get a shot where they were. I, therefore, having duck clothes on, crept out towards them, followed by one of Mr. Pearse's men at a short distance, Mr. Pearse keeping his gun as a reserve. Having got to within about fifty yards, and they appearing inclined for a start, I fired, but either missed him altogether, or only wounded him slightly; for he made a run at me, and I retreated towards the sledge for my second gun, and the man behind me fired, and hit the small one. The men suddenly appearing from behind the sledges at that moment, they turned tail and ran. My second gun missed fire. Mr. Pearse and myself followed them to a short distance, but they were soon out of sight.

The regions explored by Surgeon A. R. Bradford, of the sledge *Resolute*, comprising, as they did, the coasts of Bathurst Island, Byam Martin Island, and the east coast of Melville Island, to 76 deg. 15 min. north latitude, presented much that was new and curious; and yet the details, excepting that they found few or no live animals or birds, the only musk-ox seen having been found starved to death, and that Mr. Bradford hurt his leg, and had to travel by sledge, contain nothing worth extracting. Mr. May, of the *Excellent*, who accompanied Surgeon Bradford, is a clever draughtsman; and he gives some capital sketches of himself and sledge party, of the coast of Cornwallis Island, Cape Cockburn, and Allison's Bay—all interesting points in Arctic scenery. We feel a wish that so

serviceable a draughtsman had been one of Lieutenant M'Clintock's or Captain Penny's parties.

The party of the sledge *Grinnel*, which went, under Mr. R. C. Allen's command, to search Lowther, Davy, and Garrett Islands, out in mid-channel, shot two bears when only four days' journey from the ships, experienced the usual hardships and sufferings, failed in getting to Davy Island, but otherwise met with no novel incidents. There were also several limited parties despatched with articles to refresh the extended parties on their return, examine depots, make observations, and fix positions; but, excepting killing a few bears, and a tolerable number of birds, these limited excursions present few features of interest.

Lieutenant John B. Cator's account of the critical position of the *Intrepid* steam-ship, on the 27th of August, 1851, is interesting, as showing the peculiar dangers that attend upon Arctic navigation; but we pass on to the report of proceedings of the travelling parties from the Aberdeen expedition, under Captain Penny. The first expedition was separated into two divisions—one to search the east side of Wellington Strait, under Captain Stewart, commanding the *Sophia*; the other the west side, under Captain Penny. The arrangement made for these parties being, except that there were dog sledges as well as hauling sledges, pretty similar to those sent out by Captain Austin's expedition, the details and incidents of travel are nearly the same, and would only entail repetition. The dogs, useful to draw, were a nuisance at night, when they would sometimes make a dreadful noise, and were obliged to be watched, to prevent their committing depredations among the sledges. None of the party having been out on such expeditions before, some delay occurred in having to return to the ships to get the cooking apparatus and bedding and clothing put in better order. There were bears, hares, and ptarmigan on these coasts, but in very small numbers. On the 30th of May, Captain Stewart arrived at the North Channel, on the passage between the mainland and Baillie Hamilton Island, leading out of Wellington into Queen's Channel. Here, to his surprise, he found an open sea, and, to his mortification, had no boat to search further. A great many ducks were swimming in the water, sea-fowl of various sorts were abundant, numbers of seals were sporting in the water, and a bear was seen looking out for the seals on the edge of the fast ice. What a change of scene, from the monotony of ice and snow to an open sea, redolent of animal life! Fresh birds enough to make a mess for all hands, were shot, as well as a fat seal—a great boon, as it gave them a great increase of fuel. In the evening a bear came up to the hummocks, and they sallied out to meet him, and "get some fun;" but, tumbling about among the deep cracks, they had a good fright as well as fun, for the guns got full of water and they had nothing to defend themselves with. They got, however, several shots at bears during their stay at the edge of the ice; but never being able to kill them at the first shot, they all escaped either to the water or the ice. Lots of snipe were flying about the beach. There were ruins of old Eskimo dwellings along shore, and many old whale-bones lying about, some of them deeply imbedded in the ground, a long way above the sea-level. When Captain Stewart returned to his ship, on the 1st of July, Barrow Strait was all open water. Captain Stewart ends his report with the following opinion, full of sound common sense, without any

bias for his friend Captain Penny's discoveries, or the failure of the government sledge parties:—

That Sir John Franklin may have gone up Wellington Strait is not at all impossible. I would, (after having seen in,) myself, if seeking a passage to the north-westward, seek for it in that channel. But the circumstance of Wellington Channel and the shores and islands of the more intricate channels to the N. W. of it having been thoroughly searched, without finding any trace of them, goes a great way to refute the idea of his having gone in that direction. But these circumstances, together with the late period at which the ice breaks up in the Wellington Strait, on one side, and the early period at which open water was found to the northward, and Sir John's first winter quarters, at the mouth of the channel, on the other side, leaves the question in the same doubt and uncertainty as ever.

Dr. Sutherland, in his report of the same journey, complains much, as did others, of excessive perspiration, and consequent sufferings of all from thirst. That which had been observed by others was also the dark and sooty appearance induced by cooking in the tent. May not this account for the dark appearance of the Eskimo, which has so much puzzled ethnologists? The doctor gives the preference to blanket squares, stockings, boot-hose, and moccasins, or carpet-boots, to canvass; as to leather, its use was almost invariably followed by frost-bites. One man had his nose frost-bitten from persevering in keeping it outside of his flannel-bag at night. On the 11th of May, a small amphipodous crustacean was picked up, and puzzled the doctor not a little to explain how it found its way to the surface of the floe.

The life they were all leading, with the track-belt over their shoulders, and a heavy sledge to drag along, the doctor says, seemed to agree with all of them, if sound sleep and keen appetites are signs of good health. Indeed, when the weather began to improve, the insatiable thirst, experienced at first, to diminish, and the men could get a satisfactory wash with soap and snow, they all felt so comfortable and cheerful, that they began to think nothing of Arctic travelling. It would appear, from the doctor's report, that all the more common Arctic animals and birds frequent the eastern coasts of Wellington Channel, although, perhaps, not in such abundance as in Melville Island. One day three bears swept furiously close by the sledge, showing off their ivory to a degree that rather intimidated the men, who were unarmed. A fox was seen at the same time. "Can the fox," inquires the doctor, "be to the bear what the jackal is to the lion?" In such a country we should say it was extremely likely.

Mr. Goodsir was the most joyous of all the travellers. His interest in the cause he was engaged in was deep, for his brother is one of the missing expedition. Everything, at least at starting, was *couleur de rose*, rather than snow-white. He liked his men; the hard work only gave the pork and biscuit a relish unknown to them for months back. Cape Hotham, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky beyond was a "beautiful" scene. We do not remember the adjective in any other report. At night the snow formed "a most inviting soft bed," and the sounds of flute and accordion lulled them off to their slumbers. It is pleasant to travel in such company, even in the Arctic regions. This joyousness, it may be imagined, however, did not last long; first

came craving thirst, then fatigue, then snow-blindness and sore suffering, then frost-bites; the flute and accordion were heard no longer, and the sternness of the Arctic regions stamped their verdict against any trifling with the reality of the thing.

On the 15th of May they fell in with a post-office on their way—a letter left by Captain Penny on a high hummock of ice. On the 18th they shot a bear, with the blubber of a seal newly killed in his maw; so that he yielded altogether twenty or thirty pounds of fat. Plenty of ravens were attracted by the carrion. The next day they got into bad ice, full of holes. Mr. Goodsir was picking his way across this, leaping from hummock to hummock, amongst a number of small pools of water, when he was, he says, almost thrown off his balance by a loud noise, and the sudden appearance, within a yard of his feet, of a hideous face, with bright eyes and long protruding tusks. The poor walrus (for such it was) seemed nearly as startled as the doctor at their close proximity, and he at once made an unwieldy plunge out of sight. Within the next two or three minutes, three large seals were noticed at these holes, and another walrus. Mr. Goodsir's journal breaks off abruptly; but this is of less importance, as the main facts are contained in the evidence taken before the committee.

Captain Penny, being commanding officer, did not, it would appear, keep any very detailed journal; and the accounts published in the Blue Books of his exploration of Queen's Channel, contain little that has not been before the public. On the ticklish question of the navigation of Wellington Strait, Captain Penny and Dr. Sutherland gave it as their opinion—the latter having examined the point in question—that there was in that strait, in 1850, a breadth of fifteen miles of old ice—ice that had not been melted in 1849-50. Captain Penny did not think the navigation of Wellington Strait to be open more than once in two years; but as, in 1851, the strait was as open by the 25th of July, as it had been by the 8th of September, in 1850, it is possible that it may have been open last year. Such an opening might, indeed, he says, have been effected in forty-eight hours by a favorable wind.

Upon the subject of the letter written by Captain Penny to Captain Austin, stating that Wellington Channel was thoroughly searched, and that nothing more could be done, Captain Penny said that he confined himself to Wellington Channel.* He had asked, he said, for a steamer, with which he would have waited for a month, till the ice cleared away, but was refused. He expected to have to traverse

* This explanation, it is to be observed, was not admitted by the committee, who, having most carefully considered the whole question, were of opinion that Captain Austin could only put one construction on Captain Penny's two letters; and that having been assured by him that the open water found above Wellington Straits was, (to use his own expression,) from the fearful rate at which the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the channel, dangerous even for a boat, much more to a ship, unless clear of ice, (which, from its present appearance, would not be so that season,) impracticable for navigation at that time, and that the shores and islands on both sides had been thoroughly examined by the exploring parties, without any traces of the missing ships being discoverable, they did not think that Captain Austin would have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received such authentic information.

500 miles before meeting with further traces of the missing expedition. The last thing he said to Captain Austin was, "Go up into the Wellington Channel, and you will do good service to the cause."^{*} Captain Penny further added, that wood and foreign substances had been met with in Queen's Channel, thirty-four white Polar bears in all, a great many seals, several walruses, fourteen deer, and abundance of birds, especially on Baillie Hamilton Island. There were also a few crawfish, and a few small trout in a lake near Assistance Bay.

Captain Stewart, in his examination, admitted that there was a chance of the mouth of Wellington Strait being cleared last year. He said he could have gone anywhere to the westward, with a ship, from the edge of the ice—the ice remaining in Wellington Channel in 1850, that did not come out, was twenty or thirty miles in extent. He did not think it possible for any person, not having the means of subsistence, to supply themselves from the natural resources of the country; but they could make up something to increase their stores. He thought that there would have been time last year, after the ice had cleared away, to have passed up the straits. He thought Sir John Franklin had gone by Queen's Channel; he did not think he could have gone by the south-west. He heard Captain Penny ask Captain Austin for a steamer to go up the channel with.

Dr. Sutherland, in his evidence, also thought that, taking advantage of the late opening of the ice, with steam power, they might have been able to navigate through the Wellington Channel in the season of 1850. The next evidence had better be quoted:—

274. *Chairman*.—Did you see any leads or lanes through the ice in Wellington Strait at that time, that a steamer might have gone through?

Dr. Sutherland.—We saw sufficient to induce us to leave Wellington Channel, and we saw sufficient to induce us to remain there had we had steam power.

275. *Chairman*.—I asked you whether you saw any opening in the ice, or leads or lanes in Wellington Strait, at that time, that a steamer might have gone through?

Dr. Sutherland.—I must answer that in the negative. But at the same time, I think it is not doing justice. The fact of the strait being navigable by a steamer—

276. *Sir E. Parry*.—We want a distinct answer to a distinct question.

Dr. Sutherland.—Then my answer is no.

Now, what Dr. Sutherland meant to say is obvious: that the ice was breaking up at the time they left it; that there were no leads or lanes large enough for a steamer at that moment, but that such might very soon be expected. It was Dr. Sutherland's opinion that Sir John Franklin pursued the route through the Wellington Channel. The south-west passage by Cape Walker breaks up two months sooner than the north-west passage by Wellington Channel; but in the first, the ice breaks up into loose packs that would oppose progress, whereas, in Wellington Channel, it breaks up in large floes, that would permit of hasty and rapid progress close along the eastern shore.

Sir John Ross did not think that Captain Penny

had urged Captain Austin to persevere in an endeavor to go up through Wellington Strait. It was quite evident that there was no probability of a steamer, or anything else, getting up the channel. Sir John Ross did not think it probable that Sir John Franklin, or any portion of the crews composing his expedition, still survive. He did not think that British-born officers and men could withstand the effect of six winters, even if they had plenty of food.

Dr. William Scoresby, on the contrary, argues "that Sir John Franklin, or some portion of his associates, may still survive, is a position which cannot be controverted." With regard to the ships having been wrecked, he also thinks there is only one special case, and that he thinks not in the least degree probable in respect to the Franklin expedition, in which such summary catastrophe could, he believes, be rationally contemplated; and that is, the case of the ships being drifted out to seaward after the manner of Sir James Ross and Captain de Haven, and on approaching the seaward edge of a pack of ponderous ices being overturned by a heavy gale at sea—a contingency that has never yet happened. Dr. Scoresby believes that the Franklin expedition must, on the strongest probabilities, have proceeded by the Wellington Channel, and from thence north-westward into some remote position, or into some position of inextricable embarrassment among the ices of the north-west Polar sea.

Captain Austin does not, after having most carefully and most anxiously given the question his fullest consideration, believe, nor suppose it probable, that Sir John Franklin, or any portion of the crews composing his expedition, still survive. He considered that any search up Wellington Channel would be fruitless. He did not think that Sir John Franklin would, on his second season, and with only some twenty months of provisions, have gone up that channel, and that if he had, he would have left marks of taking possession on some parts of the coasts or islands of Queen's Channel; and he further adds, that the general feeling was in favor of the south-west passage, as Sir John Ross, Captain Ommanney, Captain de Haven, and Captain Penny, all left the Wellington Channel and proceeded towards the south-west. Lady Franklin, on his departure, expressed her anxiety that particular search should be directed to the south-west of Cape Walker; but not one word of Wellington Channel. Captain Austin's opinion is, further, that Sir John Franklin did not prosecute his researches beyond Beechey Island; but that, leaving his winter quarters, he was either beset on that occasion, or as he was attempting to return to England.

Captain Kellett considers that there is no evidence of Sir John Franklin's expedition having been wrecked; on the contrary, he thinks that there is evidence that they have not been wrecked; nor does he feel that it is in the power of man to say that they are dead, nor does he consider it right to do so, when we hear the evidence of the experienced traveller, Dr. Rae, as to the small quantity of food and fuel that will support vigorous life in those regions; as well as Captain Penny's and Lieutenant McClintock's account as to the number of animals that may be procured in a higher northern latitude. Giving Sir John Franklin credit for pursuing the object of his expedition, Captain Kellett thinks, also, that the ships will be found a long way to the westward of any

^{*} Captain Austin, in his evidence, contradicted this statement.

point reached by the parties from the late expeditions.

Captain Ommanney is of opinion, that neither Sir John Franklin, nor any portion of the expedition, can now be alive. This opinion is mainly based upon the fact, that when the expedition left Beechey Island in 1846, it had then less than two years' provisions remaining, and that the supply of birds and animals could not be depended upon for more than eight weeks out of the whole year. Captain Ommanney adds, that which appears to be corroborated by most of the exploring parties, that there are numerous old Eskimo settlements along the shores, and which, having been long untenanted, lead to a belief that a change has taken place in these seas, which, becoming blocked up with ice for a longer period of the year, has caused them to abandon the neighborhood. Captain Ommanney also believes that the expedition did not prosecute the north-west passage after leaving Beechey Island. Three of their young men died the first year, from which we may infer they were not enjoying perfect health. *It is supposed that their preserved meats were of an inferior quality.* No records being left, does not look like advancing; as Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, the latter of whom had served in four expeditions, were alive to the importance of depositing records. (It has been said upon this point, though we do not know upon what authority, that the records were missed at Beechey Island, by the searchers looking at the foot of the finger-post, instead of, as had been arranged by Sir John Franklin, at a certain distance from the post in the direction indicated by the finger.)

Dr. Sir John Richardson thinks it probable that part of the crews may still survive to the north or north-west of Melville Island. Many facts, he says, may be adduced to prove that life may be supported for a number of years on animals inhabiting the land and waters of the most northern known islands:

The existence of Eskimos up to the 77th parallel, and perhaps still higher in Baffin's Bay, is in itself sufficient evidence of the means of subsistence being produced in these latitudes. Except practical skill in hunting seals, and the art of building snow-houses, that people have no qualifications that may not be surpassed by the intelligence, providence, and appliances of Europeans. The islands lying to the north of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait were once frequented by Eskimos, and the remains of their winter huts, though perhaps two centuries old, are still numerous along the coasts. Why these islands have been abandoned by them in recent times is unknown; but that the tribes that once resorted thither were not cut off by any sudden pestilence or famine, is apparent from the absence of human skeletons in the vicinity of the deserted dwellings; while the much-decayed bones of whales, walrus, seals, deer, musk-oxen, birds, and other animals, are abundant, and the small fireplaces built near the huts still contain morsels of charred wood, hidden beneath the moss which has overgrown them in the lapse of years. The absence of the natives is favorable, inasmuch as the animals, whether marine or terrestrial, not being hunted, will be more easily accessible.

Musk-oxen frequent Melville Island, and with ordinary caution a whole herd may be secured by moderately skilful hunters; since it is the habit of the animals to throw themselves into a circle on the approach of danger, and to remain in that position, with their heads facing outwards, though individuals of their number are falling from their ranks under

the fire of their assailants. Lieutenant M'Clintock, on his recent admirable pedestrian journey, shot a musk-bull, and having gone to his sledge for assistance, to carry down the meat, on his return with a party of men, found the herd still grazing beside their slaughtered leader. Reindeer also pass over from the continent to the island in numbers, in the months of May and June; and though they are shy animals if they be allowed to get scent of man, they may be readily approached on their lee side by a hunter who possesses the requisite stock of patience.

The nature of the country in the vicinity of the ships will necessarily influence its productiveness in animal life, and in the absence of information respecting it, our conclusions cannot but be in great measure conjectural. A flat limestone tract, whereon the surface-stone is continually splitting into thin slates under the action of frost, and from which the mud is annually washed into the sea by floods of melting snow, or a low, shingly, barren flat, such as that coasted by Captain Ommanney, produces few grasses and little vegetation of any kind; hence it is shunned by herbivorous animals, or, if they must necessarily cross it in their migrations, they do so at speed. But in the sheltered ravines of a sandstone or trap country, or in the narrow valleys which occur among granite or gneiss rocks, there are grassy meadows, to which deer and musk-oxen resort; the latter also frequent lichen-producing acclivities, which are generally denuded of snow by high winds. Mr. Rae saw the reindeer migrating over the ice of Dolphin and Union Straits in the spring and passing in great haste into the interior of Wollaston Land. There seems to be no reason why these herds should not range beyond the 80th parallel, if the islands reach so high; since the same kind of deer travel annually from the continent of Europe to Spitzbergen, over a wider expanse of sea-ice. Polar hares are also numerous on Wollaston and Melville Islands, and as they are very tame, and, consequently, easily shot, they add to the means of support. In the neighborhood of open water, the Polar bear is frequent, and being bold in its approaches, falls a ready sacrifice to a party armed with fowling-pieces. The simplicity of the Arctic fox renders its capture a very easy affair. Fish of various kinds are by no means scarce in the Arctic seas, and the fresh-water lakes abound in trout. Sir John Franklin was well acquainted with the methods of taking these by hooks, or in nets set under the ice in spring.

Brent geese, eider and king ducks, gulls, and many other water fowl, resort in the breeding season in vast flocks to the most remote islands; and it may be necessary to state here, that these birds reach their breeding stations in the high latitudes only in July; hence officers travelling a month or two earlier, when the ground is still covered with snow, are not aware of the manner in which the most barren islets teem with life later in the summer.

Walrus and seals of several species were observed by Captain Penny and his officers to be numerous in Victoria Channel, and *beluga* and black whales may be looked for wherever open water of considerable extent exists. Both kinds abound in the sea that washes Cape Bathurst.

Captain Penny thinks it possible that Sir John Franklin and his crews, or a portion of them, may still survive, and he is firmly of opinion that the expedition pursued its course by Queen's Channel, and has got far advanced towards Behring's Straits. Such, then, is the discordancy in the opinions of a few competent persons, that while some think that the ill-fated expedition has succumbed to peril or exposure, few venture to speculate upon the safety of more than a portion of the gallant, though unfortunate officers and crews. We are still inclined to be more hopeful. The

opinions of such men as Captains Austin and Ommanney are deserving of the highest consideration, but it is impossible not to feel that they speak with the bias of men who have failed in their best endeavors, and, therefore, despair of anything. Sir John Ross acknowledges a bias in favor of the testimony of Adam Beck, designated by others as one of the worst kind of civilized savages. The opinions of Dr. Scoresby and of Sir John Richardson are of the highest importance. They are the result of deep consideration, and of a learned and enlightened view of all the circumstances of the case, and are in favor of our countrymen's still holding out. Sufficient stress was, indeed, laid by very few upon the fact of the new resources opened to the navigators by the almost determined existence of a Polynia, or open Polar Sea. The existence of such a sea had long been premised, and in the instructions given to the American expedition, we find it distinctly stated, that

The point of maximum cold is said to be in the vicinity of Parry Islands; to the north and west of these, there is probably a comparatively open sea in summer, and, therefore, a milder climate.

This opinion seems to be sustained by the fact that beasts and fowls are seen migrating over the ice from the mouth of Mackenzie river and its neighboring shores, to the north. These dumb creatures are, probably, led by their wise instincts to seek a more genial climate in that direction, and upon the borders of the supposed more open water.

There are other facts elicited by Lieutenant Maury, in the course of his investigations, touching the winds and currents of the ocean, which go, also, to confirm the opinion that beyond the icy barrier that is generally met with in the Arctic Ocean, there is a Polynia, or sea free of ice.

In a paper on the distribution of animals available as food in the Arctic regions, lately read by Mr. A. Petermann before the Royal Geographical Society, the author points out, that it has long been a common but erroneous supposition, that animal life within the Arctic regions decreases more and more as the Pole is approached. Many of the Polar animals are so thoroughly adapted to the intense cold, and other features of those regions, that they could not even exist in any other climate. Consequently, animal life is found as much in the Polar as in the Tropical regions, and though the number of species is decidedly inferior to the number in the latter, yet, on the other hand, the immense multitudes of individuals compensate for the deficiency in the former respect. Mr. Petermann also argues, from the prolificness of animal life described by Wrangell as belonging to the Kolynia district of Siberia, that the nearer Sir John Franklin's expedition may have approached the north-eastern portion of Asia, the more he may have found the animals to increase in number. As the Polynia, or its shores, is probably entirely uninhabited by man, the animals would be less timid and wary, and less thinned by the destruction that takes place in other countries for food, furs, or teeth. Under the circumstances of a Polynia abounding in animal life, Franklin's party could exist as well as other inhabitants of the Polar regions; and we must not forget that, in addition to the natural resources at their command, they would possess, in their vessels, more comfortable and substantial houses than any native inhabitants of the same regions.

Let us still indulge hope, backed as we are by

all the hopeful circumstances of the case, in the existence of, at least, some of our countrymen; and while our greatest hopes are, at the present moment, centred in the progress of Commander M'Clure and his party, in her majesty's ship *Investigator*, now frozen in somewhere between Behring's Straits and Melville Island, still we cannot but feel that the very greatest interest will attach itself, now that a channel to the open Polar sea has been discovered, to the expedition that will possibly have started by the time these pages appear, under the command of so able and so distinguished an officer as Captain Sir Edward Belcher. We at the same time cannot help expressing our regret that the services of Captain Penny should be entirely overlooked, and another person appointed to carry out his discovery. There is no doubt that Captain Penny allowed his temper to get the better of his discretion, in his final intercourse with Captain Austin, after the discovery of Queen's Channel; but it is difficult to say how far he was driven to such extremes by the tone too often assumed by persons in office, or what latent jealousy may not have been manifested at his and Captain Stewart's success. There are some points in Captain Penny's conduct decidedly open to censure; but they fade away into insignificance before the magnitude of his services. Sir Robert Inglis happily remarked, upon the paltry denial by official etiquette to the gallant mariner of his hard-earned title and reputation of captain, that gentlemen of the present day were apt to forget we had a Captain Cook. The case of John and Sebastian Cabot might have been quoted still more to the purpose. Although there is every reason to believe that these men, of Venetian origin, but long established in Bristol, anticipated Columbus in the discovery of the New World, and that Sebastian had earned, perhaps, the highest name in Europe for naval skill and enterprise; still, when application was made to Henry VIII. to fit out a new expedition, the command thereof was entrusted, not to Cabot himself, the early and able leader of such expeditions, but to Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Pert, who turned out to be destitute of every quality requisite for so arduous a field of enterprise; and the consequence was, signal failure and discomfiture. The fact is, that without wishing to disparage the services of our "right arm," we must say it ill becomes them to treat the "left" with contempt; for the annals of discovery, of more real value than many a naval victory, have been more illustrated by the enterprise and skill of private than of titled mariners.

Lastly, we must not omit to point out, that as the mass of opinions are in favor of the view we originally held out, of Franklin's party having got far away to the westward, the proposed attempt to reach the open Polar seas by forcing a way through Wrangell's Land, north of Behring's Straits, is highly deserving of encouragement and pecuniary aid.

SUCCESS.—The surest hindrance to success is to have too high a standard of refinement in our own minds, or too high an opinion of the judgment of the public. He who is determined not to be satisfied with anything short of perfection, will never do anything at all, either to please himself or others.—*Hazlitt.*

It is wonderful the aspect of moral obligation things sometimes assume when we wish to do them.

From the Tribune.

Eleven Weeks in Europe; and what may be seen there in that time. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. 12mo. pp. 328. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. New York: Charles Scribner.

We seldom meet with a more truly useful book of travels than this unpretending volume. Mr. Clarke visited Europe in the spring of 1849, as a delegate to the Peace Convention at Paris. Both his time and means were limited; he could examine but a small portion of the objects of curiosity and interest, which press upon the attention of the traveller; and hence, obliged to make a selection according to his own tastes, his journal is singularly free from hackneyed topics of observation, and bears an unmistakable stamp of individuality. Much of the old ground, it is true, he traversed; but he always sees for himself; copies neither impressions nor descriptions; and tells his own story in his own language, the tones of which you can almost hear ringing from the silent pages in their open-hearted frankness and honesty. He has certainly done well to publish his book, although he long debated with himself, as he tells us, about the propriety of its seeing the light. It derives a charm from its simplicity and sincerity. It reads like the household talk of an intelligent and accomplished man, whose conversation is prompted by genuine social impulses, without the slightest desire of making a show. We recommend those who embark for a European voyage for the first time, to put a copy of this little book in their pocket, and we are sure they will thank us for the advice on their return.

We have a pleasant bit of his experience in the second chapter, soon after his arrival in England, while in the old city of Chester:—

The first thing I saw in the morning, in looking from the chamber window, was the old cathedral tower, which looked very picturesque in the soft misty air. I took our letters to the post-office, but found that there was no mail going to Liverpool in time for the steamer. But, as a train of cars was just starting, I jumped into a cab, and went to the station, and soon selected a respectable-looking old gentleman, in gold spectacles, and said, "Are you going to Liverpool, sir?" He answered, "Yes." "Do you go near the post-office?" "Close by." "Will you then be so kind as to take these letters and drop them in? I wish them to go by to-day's steamer, to America, and they are too late for the mail." "Certainly, sir," said he, "they shall be put in as carefully as if you were there yourself." He then pulled out his card, and handed it to me, on which was written his name. "That is my name; add Liverpool, and you have my address. I am well known there, sir." Not satisfied with this guarantee, he called another old gentleman, in tights, who was passing, and said, "This, sir, is an American gentleman, who has given me these letters to put in the Liverpool post-office; you shall be his witness that I have taken charge of them." I told him it was not necessary, for that I had trusted his looks, and so departed. I need not add that the letters arrived safely.

The following remarks on the best mode of examining works of art are well worth bearing in mind:—

I write not for connoisseurs, therefore, but for those ignorant as myself, and inexperienced as myself, and who, nevertheless, wish to see something of that element which makes the great artist the benefactor, not of critics, but of his race; who wish to make the best

use of such opportunities as they may have to study such works; and for them I would give the following rules:

First. Have faith. Believe that what the testimony of mankind, through many centuries, declares to be great, is really great, though you cannot at first discover its grandeur or beauty. Humility, modesty, faith, hope and love are as essential in the study of art, as in the study of nature or revelation. That which pleases immediately is not apt to give deep or permanent satisfaction. But that beauty which slowly dawns upon the mind, like that truth which seems at first paradoxical or unnatural, is oftentimes that which lifts us out of ourselves into a higher world than we before knew.

Secondly. Do not try to see many things, but to see a few things well. If you carry away a distinct idea, a living impression of a few great paintings, you have reason to be both satisfied and grateful. More than this you can hardly hope to do; and if you attempt more, you will carry away nothing but names, and a superficial knowledge of mere particulars.

Thirdly. One gains much insight into the peculiar genius of the great artists by comparing their styles together, as shown in similar works. You thus go beneath the work and enter into the mind of its maker. You see how faithful to his own genius each one is, how the same mode of treatment recurs continually; and you feel as if you had been admitted to an intimacy with the artist when in the very act of creation.

Titian, they say, can only be seen in Venice, yet I am thankful for what I saw of his pictures in these British galleries, and in the Louvre. We hear of him as the great colorist. We hear less often of the dramatic faculty which fills his scenes with the most active life, of the deep feeling of nature, which pervades with dreamy light the shady recesses of his groves, and produces atmospheric tones of such tender beauty. What fresh life from the early world is in the attitude of the boy Adonis, starting from his couch at break of day, holding his spear in one hand and grasping his dog's neck with the other! Or, in the animated Bacchus, leaping from his chariot at the sight of Ariadne, all life and motion. What gentle, womanly beauty in his "Nymphs around Diana;" or in his "Venus rising from the Sea," pressing the water from her long locks; or the Venus turning suddenly around, to detain her boy lover from the chase. And what a halo of light surrounds his sleeping figures; the warm tints of the flesh, cooled by the green reflection from over-hanging trees, and all melted in the swimming light from sky or water. In these pictures of Titian, everything is in motion, or about to move. His sleepers seem just about to wake; those who stand, just about to go; those who sit, just rising.

Guido, again, how different is he! There are two fine paintings of his in the inner room of the National Gallery, and one in Dulwich Museum, the finest of all there. His are paintings which please every one, and please at once; and yet they continue to please always, though possibly not so much as those flowing from a deeper nature. Their beauty is sunny, like that of flowers. The figures of Guido have the charm of radiance; full of life, vital throughout, and full of the consciousness of life, they shine forth toward you, and do not, like Murillo, draw you toward themselves by self-absorbed, passionate earnestness. I remember of Guido's pictures, especially a youthful David and an Herodias, in the British Institution; the David in quick movement, the Herodias light, beaming, and graceful, both full of happiness—of such happiness as nature gives to youth. And, again, a youthful St. John the Baptist at Dulwich. Not the stern Baptist of the New Testament. He is a Guido's John, with fair, outstretched, youthful arm; not emaciate with fasting, but rounded like that of an Antinous. Tangled

looks hang around his face, inclosing his gentle eyes in their shadow.

How like, yet how very different, are the paintings of Murillo! They have not that beauty of radiance. Their thought and feeling are too deep to be expressed. Besides his fine pictures in the National Gallery and Dulwich Museum, I remember a Cleopatra, in which the coloring was very wonderful. There was a depth of darkness around her; self-absorbed, and full of passionate earnestness. She attracts you with mysterious charm.

I never knew what a full-length portrait was till I saw these in the Bridgewater Gallery and Dulwich Museum, by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough. Some of these female figures, like the portrait of Mrs. Siddons seated, or those of Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Moody standing in the open air, (both at Dulwich,) had not perhaps the nobleness of Vandyke, but are so full of grace and nature, in attitude and movement, that they seem like a bit of real life, seized in a happy hour.

The building which contains the fine collection of paintings, purchased at a great expense by the British nation, is in Trafalgar Square, and is considered a very poor piece of architecture. The paintings are in three large rooms, and two side-rooms. The inner room contains many treasures. A sweet St. Catharine by Raffaele, and a serious-looking Pope, with red cape and white drapery, by the same master; two Guidos, three Titians, two Murillos, and two exquisite Correggios, to say nothing of three fine Claudes, a fine Gaspar, and a large painting by Sebastian del Piombo, which Dr. Waagen thinks the finest painting in England, and one of the finest in the world. The paintings by Guido are Lot and his Daughters, and Susannah and the Elders. The first is a picture full of power and finely grouped, the other is a beautiful front view of Susannah, who is sitting; the color pure white, the outlines soft, and the face expressing her trouble of mind.

Many American travellers in England have agreeable recollections of the poet Rogers and his breakfast-table. Here is Mr. Clarke's record of his interview with the lively octogenarian:

From the Earl of Ellesmere's Mrs. Bancroft took me to the house of Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet, the banker, and the collector of curiosities. He has a small house, finely situated in St. James' Street, the garden behind opening upon Green Park. From his back windows you look into the Park, and over it to Buckingham Palace and Gardens. You see the trees wave, and the grazing sheep, and can scarcely believe yourself in the heart of London. This park, though containing fifty-six acres, is one of the smallest of the parks of London. Besides the paintings, the house of Mr. Rogers is filled with rare curiosities. He has a little pencil drawing by Raffaele, for which he gave five hundred guineas; he has, framed, the identical contract between Milton and his publisher, for the sale of *Paradise Lost*; he has a piece of furniture which was made for him by Chantry, the sculptor, when Chantry first came to London, and carved mahogany.

Many persons have heard of the breakfast table of Mr. Samuel Rogers, where, during the last fifty years, have been seated so many distinguished men of all nations. Fond of society, and most agreeable himself in conversation, he has been for years the centre of one of the pleasantest circles in London. He seems to have been attracted toward every man distinguished either by force of intelligence or force of character; and his tastes are so various, that there is room at his small breakfast-table for the greatest diversity of guests, from the Duke of Wellington to the last young poet, whose timid volume has been just launched into the sea of literature by Murray or Pickering. Mr. Rogers, who seems fond of Americans, was especially

fond of Mrs. Bancroft; and so I received, by her means, an invitation to his breakfast-table. On Wednesday, August 9, I found myself, at 10, A. M., seated at that classic board with four other guests. Mr. Rogers I found a charming old man of eighty-seven years, and, except a little deafness, as active in body and mind as ever. He talked on all subjects, changing from grave to gay. He spoke of art and society, of time and eternity, but mostly he talked of poetry, and read and recited many things. He quoted lines from Halleck, and then, calling for the work, he read the poem beginning "Green be the turf above thee," and said, "No man living can write such verses now." He recited, with much feeling, passages from Gray, and from Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He thought that Milton had put an argument in the mouth of Adam, complaining of his punishment, which he had not answered. "There's no answering that," said he, "there's no answering that, except, indeed," he added, "we admit that all punishment is corrective." He liked Gray's letters better than his poetry, and thought good prose usually better than his poetry. He spoke of life, and compared it to a river hastening to its fall. At the end it hurries us along, so that we cannot notice what we are passing. "How well," said he, "I remember what I saw in my youth, when I went to the opera at Milan, in the evening, and said to-morrow I shall be sailing on Lake Como. Sixty years ago, I dined with the Duke of Rochefoucault and twelve others; in one year, nine of them had died by the guillotine, or by some violent death. La Fayette I saw every day." He said it was one evil attending success in life, that it is apt to separate us from our families. Said he, "Sir Thomas Lawrence told me, The day I got my medal, I put it on and went down stairs, but not one of my brothers asked me what it was. I went up to my room, and cried. If I speak of any distinguished person, they say, you told us that before." The conversation fell upon Curran. Mr. Rogers said he was accustomed to use the most extravagant language. "I was walking with him in London, and he said, 'I had rather be hung on ten gibbets.' A girl passing by said, 'Would not one be enough?'" In this pleasant talk the hours flew by, and it was one o'clock before we knew it. But when the ladies rose to go, he asked me if I had seen the pictures in the British Institution, and said to Lord G., "Let us go there." After walking through the rooms, and pointing out to me some of his favorite pictures, he asked me, if I was not engaged elsewhere, to breakfast with him again the next morning, to which I gladly consented.

The author tells a good story of the philological perplexity of one of his friends at a Swiss Inn, with which we must close our extracts, regretting that we suffer to-day from a limited space:—

Tired as we were, we refused to stop till we could find rooms opposite to the Jungfrau; so that we might see it as soon as we opened our eyes in the morning. This being accomplished, we sat down and I called for a pair of slippers. One of my companions seeing them, inquired where I got them. "I asked for them," said I. "But by what French word?" said he. "Pantoufles." Not catching the sound, he called the chamber-maid, and politely asked her to give him "*des soufflets*,"—that is, some slaps. The amusement and perplexity visible in the face of the young lady may be easily imagined. The perfect gravity on his part, and the astonishment on hers, were irresistible; and we ended our day with a very hearty laugh.

WE should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.

From the Spectator.

JERDAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THERE is a solid and sustained interest about these biographical reminiscences, which was hardly to be looked for from a man whose life had been passed in the various and desultory occupations of the daily and weekly press; and they are very well written. The style is easy, without any straining after trivial points and prettinesses. The treatment is somewhat discursive; but as the reminiscences are social, political, and personal, as well as autobiographical, this trait is necessary, and does not interfere with readableness. Mere literary merit without matter goes a very little way in a long work: but *The Autobiography of William Jerdan* has a good deal of matter. The author has not only looked upon the world for fifty years, but mingled in it. He began life on the Scottish Border when country manners were very different from what they are now. He came early to London, to try his hand in a merchant's counting-house; and, by means of respectable connexions, as well as a genial disposition, saw a good deal of the upper class of middle life at the opening of the century. A severe attack of illness sent him back to the Border; convalescence led to a residence in Edinburgh, to study the law; but parties, pleasure, and volunteering, then in its heyday, had more attractions than Themis. Young Jerdan led as gay a life in Edinburgh as in London, if not a gayer, and in a higher class of society. When he gave up the law, and started for London to seek his fortune, an uncle, a surgeon in the navy, gave him an opportunity of seeing a little nautical life, by enrolling him as surgeon's clerk of H. M. ship *Gladiator*. Soon after his discharge, in February, 1806, Mr. Jerdan commenced that connexion with the periodical press which was to continue for so many years. The present volume of the autobiography closes with a professional trip to Paris in 1814, on the triumphant entrance of the allies, and the London visit of the sovereigns. In the interval, Mr. Jerdan had served as reporter, assistant, or editor, on various papers, among which the *Morning Post* and the *Sun* are the most conspicuous if not the only survivors.

Before he first started for London, the accident of a country tour introduced Mr. Jerdan to the Pollock family; of whom the eldest, David, died Chief Justice of Bombay, and Frederick is now Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. "Young" Wilde, now Lord Truro, was another of his intimates; and the accidents of life introduced him to many persons of subsequent mark or distinguished oddity, among whom were the present solicitor-general, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, as a youth, and his younger brother, who went upon "the boards," failed as a hystrio, and died "prematurely of an almost broken heart." Mr. Jerdan's activity, zeal, and peculiar position in his connexion with the press, introduced him to many persons, among others to the notorieties Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke and Lady Hamilton; his strong Tory politics, with the editorship of government "organs," brought him into relations with ministers or their subordinates. It will, therefore, be seen that this Auto-

biography is likely to contain plenty of striking names, curious characters, and telling anecdotes.

Dr. Johnson, arguing once with Boswell, defended the practice of a man dropping his friends as he advanced in life, because they were apt to allude unpleasantly to his early career—to "rip up old stories." In the case of an author, to drop him may possibly bring the stories before a wider circle. Here are some anecdotes of Lord Truro's early career, one of which places him on a level with Demosthenes, both as regards the impediment of speech and the resolution which overcame it.

I have noticed that he had much greater difficulties to contend against than his schoolfellow, F. Pollock; because, in the first place, his father did not move in so respectable a circle; in the second place, he had not the advantage of a university education; in the third place, he began with a lower branch of legal practice; and, in the last place, he was affected by an impediment in his speech. Wilde senior was an attorney in a limited sphere, with a still inferior partner, and resided in one of the small houses in Warwick Square, Newgate Market, and had a rural retreat in one still smaller at Holloway, at the foot of Highgate Hill. There was one window in the parlor and two on the first floor, which by courtesy we will call the drawing-room. Yet thither have the Lord Chancellor Truro, the Lord Chief Baron, and I, been well pleased to repair for recreation on a summer Sunday, and regale ourselves on the be-knighted joint of prime roast beef, which was a *Sir* long, long before any of those who ate of it could dream that similar and greater honors awaited their onward triumph in the grand competition of English society.

Of Wilde's energy there were many striking proofs even in his younger days; and the character bore him through every obstacle. His dogged resolution to overcome the impediment in his speech, and his success in doing so, afforded a remarkable instance of this quality. He would stand silent till he had composed the organs of sound for the distinct articulation of what he desired to say; and, by the skillful and constant application of this inviolable resolution, he, by his own unaided and untaught efforts, conquered the annoying affection. I remember his taking me to some dark office in the Inner Temple Lane, to show me Bloomfield, the author of "The Farmer's Boy," who, through the interest of Capel Loft, had been appointed to a situation for some distribution of law forms administered there. The excitement caused a fit of stammering to come on; and there he stood, dumb as a statue for several minutes, till he had forced his organization, by the effort of will over physical defect, to perform the duty he demanded, and give utterance to well-delivered and well-rounded periods. Such a self-cure is extremely rare, and in this case was nearly perfect; for the only remains that ever appeared in after years was a slight occasional and hardly observable hesitation when pleading at the bar.

The distinguished characters as yet introduced are not numerous, and those generally seen from a distance; here is a passing sketch of four famous conversationists.

Besides what I may enumerate as constant resident neighbors, there was an occasional summer occupant of a retired cottage on the other side of Cromwell House from me, and nearer town, who had a frequent visitor whom it was no small gratification to meet in the privacy of a very limited, very confidential, and very social circle. The Amphytrion was Mr. Peake, the father of the humorous and facetious Dick, (whom much I esteemed,) and treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre; and his guest was Richard Brinsley

* The Autobiography of William Jerdan, M. R. S. L., Corresponding Member of the Real Academia de la Historia of Spain, &c. &c. With his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence, during the last Fifty Years. Volume I. Published by Hall and Virtue.

Sheridan, who, after business was got through somehow or other, or anyhow, turned about, and to Old Brompton, with renovated gusto, to pleasure. It was truly delectable; but nobody could describe what it was. It was an abandonment of self, and a charm cast on all around. There was none of the prepared wit for which Moore gives him credit, but a natural overflow of racy conversation and anecdote. The most extraordinary conversation men whom I have known were Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Canning, and Theodore Hook; but they were all as dissimilar to each other as if the realm of wit and humor were peopled by quite different races. "Black, White, Mulatto, and Malay," who all spoke different languages, saw with different eyes, and fancied with different imaginations and peculiarities of mind. Sheridan charmed, Canning fascinated, Sydney Smith entertained, and Theodore Hook amazed you. Sheridan threw himself into your arms and upon your heart with such apparently boundless confidence, that you could not help considering yourself, at once, a trusted friend; and on many and many a trying occasion did he reap the benefit of this implanted feeling.

At the time of the Duke of York's affair about Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Jerdan was on the *Morning Post*; and he frankly admits that his extremely loyal "leaders" reduced the circulation of the paper—and as frankly that he became less violent, if not less loyal, after an acquaintance with Mary Ann.

Mrs. Clarke resided in a house in the King's Road, a short distance from Sloane Square, on my way to town; and as I happened to have been introduced to her at her sister's, Mrs. Casey, she thought our acquaintance intimate enough to excuse an invitation for me to call upon her. Such a chance, when all the world were crazy to have only a glance at the *Leone* of the day, was not to be thrown away; and accordingly I very soon waited upon the lady. Her object, as may be surmised, was to neutralize my pen, and the wiles to which she resorted would make a delicious chapter in the history of woman's ingenuity. I found myself as a bird, I suppose, may do when caught in a net; but the meshes were of many shapes and kinds, and reticulated with infinite skill and cunning. Wheedling, confidential secrets, allurements, prospects of advantage, piquant familiarities, *récherchés* treats, and lies. Never was a greater variety of artillery brought to bear upon a newspaper scribbler; and, at least, *Madame* so far accomplished her wishes, that I did moderate my tone about her personal performances, and was debarred from using other intelligence, lest it might be said that I stole it from the enemy's camp.

Any work of much character owes a part of its character to its representing a class. The Autobiography of Mr. Jerdan represents the class of *littérateurs*; not of men like Southey, who looked to literature as the business of life and the means of living, aiming at and producing *books* which may rank next to works that are "the result of observation impregnated by genius," but of persons, who, in addition of course to a natural term, are drawn to writing by circumstances, or a failure in vocations of drier and more sustained labor. Of that class of life we suspect this Autobiography will furnish a type. Mr. Jerdan, looking back upon his career, regrets his own devotion to the pursuit of literature; and, following Scott, advises the young to make letters subordinate to some other calling.

And here again would I earnestly advise every enthusiastic thinker, every fair scholar, every ambitious author, every inspired poet, without independent

fortune, to fortify themselves also with a something more worldly to do. A living in the church is not uncongenial with the pursuits of the thinker and scholar; the practice of medicine is not inconsistent with the labors of the author, and the chinking of fees in the law is almost in tuning with the harmony of the poet's verse. Let no man be bred to literature alone; for, as has been far less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors, are their lot, as sure as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printer's ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough; but without one or the other it is as foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide.

There is a mixture of truth and error here. Great geniuses engaged in affairs have produced great works; but it has either been on subjects connected with their own pursuits where they put their experience as it were into their books—as Hunter in surgery, or Coke in law; or where they took to science or history when their professional life was suspended—as Clarendon, and in a lesser degree Bacon. Great poets have also been men engaged in active life—as Æschylus, Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare, though their pursuits were general, not special; except Shakspeare, whose trade made him a dramatist, though it could not have made him a poet. Scott's profession, about which he and others talked so much, was that of holding places; and we do not yet know his position with posterity. The pure belles lettres, where the workmanship surpasses the material, seems, like other pursuits, to require undivided attention—as in the cases of Virgil, Dryden, Pope. But the question, after all, is not fairly put. It is not the calling but the man that produces the success. A successful professional career implies severe labor and steady pertinacity—that sustained pursuit of one goal, no matter how long the road, which, if not the rarest of qualities, is the most necessary to success of any kind, whether in private or public business, in literature, in art, or in philosophy. The *littérateur* may not be altogether idle, but if he does not work when he pleases, he works upon a temporary stimulus, generally for short spells at a time, and very often neglects work for amusement, and amusements that leave headache or lassitude behind. The life which Mr. Jerdan describes himself as having led for some years in London and Edinburgh, would have been fatal in any profession, and knocked down any professional prospects or professional business. In his case it prevented him even from acquiring the rudimentary knowledge either of commerce or law.

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep, than that in one of Leigh Hunt's papers, in the *Indicator*:—"It is a delicious movement, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed; and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

From Household Words.

THE HARVEST OF GOLD.

THREE years ago, one Mr. Smith, a gentleman engaged in iron-works in Australia, made his appearance at the Government House, Sydney, with a lump of gold. He offered, for a large sum of money, to point out where he had got it, and where more was to be found in abundance. The government, however, thinking that this might be no more than a device, and that the lump produced might, in reality, have come from California, declined to buy a gold field in the dark, but advised Mr. Smith to unfold his tale, and leave his payment to the liberality of government. This Mr. Smith refused to do, and there the matter ended.

On the third of April, 1851, Mr. Hargraves, who had recently returned from California, addressed the government, stating that the result of his experience in that country had led him to expect gold in Australia; that the results of his exploring had been highly satisfactory; and that for the sum of five hundred pounds he would point out the precious districts. The same answer was returned that had disposed of Mr. Smith, but with an opposite effect; for Mr. Hargraves, declaring himself "satisfied to leave the remuneration for his discovery to the liberal consideration of the government," at once named the districts, which were Lewis Ponds, Summer-Hill Creek, and Macquarie River, in Bathurst and Wellington—the present Ophir. Mr. Hargraves was directed to place himself at once in communication with the government surveyor.

Meantime, the news began to be whispered about. A man who appeared in Bathurst with a lump of gold worth thirty pounds, which he had picked up, created a great sensation, and numbers hastened to see whether they could not do likewise. The commissioner of Crown Lands became alarmed. He warned all those who had commenced their search, of the illegality of their proceedings, and made earnest application for efficient assistance, imagining that the doings in California were to be repeated in Bathurst, and that pillage and murder were to be the order of the day. The government immediately took active measures for the maintenance of order. Troops were dispatched to the gold fields, and the inspector-general of police received a discretionary power to employ what force he thought proper.

Great was the excitement in Sydney upon the confirmation of all this intelligence. Hasty partings, deserted desks, and closed shops, multiplied in number. Every imaginable mode of conveyance was resorted to, and hundreds set off on foot.

On the fourteenth of May, the government surveyor reported that in communication with Mr. Hargraves, he had visited the before-mentioned districts, and after three hours' examination, "had seen quite enough:"—gold was everywhere plentiful.

A proclamation was at once issued, forbidding any person to dig without a license, setting forth divers pains and penalties for disobedience. Licenses were to be obtained upon the spot, at the rate of thirty shillings per month, liable to future alteration. No licenses were granted to any one who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last service, or otherwise give a satisfactory account of himself; and the descriptions of such as were refused were registered. A small body of

mounted police were at the same time organized, who were paid at the somewhat curious rate of three shillings and threepence per day, with rations and lodgings when they could be procured. Fortunately, there was no attempt at disturbance, for the governor in a despatch states, "that the rush of people (most of them armed) was so great, that, had they been disposed to resist, the whole of the troops and police would have been unable to cope with them." The licenses, too, were all cheerfully paid for, either in coin or gold.

On the third of June, Mr. Hargraves (who, in the mean time, had received a responsible appointment) underwent an examination before the legislative council, when he stated that he was led to search in the neighborhood of Bathurst, by observing the similarity of the country to California. He found gold as soon as he dismounted. He found it everywhere; rode from the head of the Turon River to its confluence with the Macquarie, about one hundred miles; found gold over the whole extent; afterwards found it all along the Macquarie. "Bathurst," observed Mr. Hargraves, "is the most extraordinary place I ever saw. Gold is actually found lying on the ground, close to the surface." And Mr. Commissioner Green, two days afterwards, reported, that "gold was found in every pan of earth taken up."

But the most important event connected with these discoveries, and which is without parallel in the world's history, remains to be told.

On the sixteenth of July, the Bathurst Free Press commenced a leader with the following passage:—

"Bathurst is mad again! The delirium of golden fever has returned with increased intensity. Men meet together, stare stupidly at one another, and wonder what will happen next. Everybody has a hundred times seen a hundred weight of flour. A hundred weight of sugar is an every-day fact; but a hundred weight of gold is a phrase scarcely known in the English language. It is beyond the range of our ordinary ideas; a sort of physical incomprehensibility; but that it is a material existence, our own eyes bore witness." Now for the facts.

On Sunday, eleventh July, it was whispered about in Sydney, that a Dr. Kerr had found a hundred weight of gold! Few believed it. It was thought a capital joke. Monday arrived, and all doubts were dispelled; for at mid-day a tandem, drawn by two greys, drew up in front of the Free Press Office. Two immense lumps of virgin gold were displayed in the body of the vehicle; and, being freely handed round to a quickly assembled crowd, created feelings of wonder, incredulity, and admiration, which were increased when a large tin box was pointed to as containing the remainder of the hundred weight of gold. The whole was at once lodged at the Union Bank of Australia, where the process of weighing took place in the presence of a party of gentlemen, including the lucky owner and the manager of the bank. The entire mass weighed about three hundred pounds, which yielded one hundred and six pounds of pure gold, valued at four thousand pounds. This magnificent mass was accidentally discovered by an educated aboriginal in the service of Dr. Kerr; who, while keeping his master's sheep, had his attention attracted to something shining on a block of quartz, and, breaking off a portion with his tomahawk, this hitherto hidden treasure stared him in the face.

The lump was purchased by Messrs. Thacker and Company, of Sydney, and consigned to an eminent firm in London.

Meanwhile, the commissioner reported a gold field many miles in extent, north-east of Bathurst, adding that it would afford employment for five thousand persons, the average gain of each person being *then* one pound per day; while provisions, which at one time had been enormously high, owing to the cupidity of speculators, had fallen so low, that the sum of ten shillings a week was quite sufficient for one individual's subsistence. The reports from the other commissioners were equally favorable; and it is gratifying to find that they all spoke in the highest terms of the orderly and exemplary conduct of the diggers.

Since the discoveries in the neighborhood of Sydney, there have been found, in South Australia, large tracts of country, abounding in gold, only sixteen miles from Melbourne. The most recent accounts (December 15, 1851) from these regions are of a most astounding character. In the first week in December nearly fifty thousand pounds' value in gold was brought into Melbourne and Geelong. The amount would have been greater but for want of conveyance. "To find quartz," says the Australian and New Zealand Gazette, "is to find gold. It is found thirty-two feet from the surface in plenty. Gold is actually oozing from the earth." Nuggets of gold, from fourteen ounces to twenty-seven pounds, are to be found in abundance. A single quartz "nugget," found in Louisa creek, sold for one thousand one hundred and fifty-five pounds. The Alert was on her way home with one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling in gold, and two other vessels with similar rich cargoes.

Every town and village were becoming gradually deserted. "Those who remain behind to mind the flocks demand such wages, that farming will not long pay. Labor is in such demand that anybody with a pair of hands can readily command thirty-five shillings per week, with board and lodging." The government commissioners had given in their unanimous report, that the gold fields were already so extensive as to afford remunerative employment for one hundred thousand persons. In conclusion, the last advices describe the excitement as so intense that fears were entertained that sufficient hands would not be left to get in the standing crops.

Every week the number multiplies of gold-seekers' colonies planted about streams in Australia; at all, the conduct of the diggers is exemplary. Most of them cease from labor on the Sunday, and spend that day as they would spend it if they were in town. The first keg of spirits taken into an Australian gold field had its head punched out by the miners; and government has since assisted them in the endeavor to repress the use of stronger stimulants than wine or beer. Where every member of the community possesses more or less of the great object of desire; where stolen gold could never be identified; where it would be far from easy to identify a thief who passes to-and-fro among communities composed entirely of chance-comers, having faces strange one to another, a little drunkenness might lead to a great deal of lawlessness and crime. There are men, however, who will drink; and what are called by the miners "sly grog-sellers" exist, and elude discovery in every gold settlement. Yet we read of one man who, being drunk, had dropped the bottle which con-

tained his gold, and are informed that he was afterwards sought out, and received due restoration of his treasure from its finder. Some settlements are much more lawless than the rest, and we have read, perhaps, more ill of Ballarat than any other; yet it is of Ballarat that we receive the following sketch from a private correspondent.

The writer, with a party of four young friends, quitted a farm near Geelong, in October last year, to experiment as a digger at Ballarat until the harvest. One man at a gold field can do little for himself; a party of about four is requisite to make a profitable division of the labor. "With this party," our correspondent says, "I started on Thursday, October the second, for the Gold City of Ballarat. We took with us all requisite tools; a large tarpaulin to make into a tent; and provisions to last us for two months. All this was stowed away in our own dray; and our man Tom accompanied it.

"This mode of travelling—the universal mode in Australia—is very pleasant in fine weather. We used to be up at daybreak, and start as soon as we had breakfasted. We would go on leisurely—for bullocks won't be hurried—and get through a stage of from fifteen to twenty miles, according to the state of the roads, allowing an interval of one hour for dinner. Then we would stop for the night at some convenient camping-ground, where there was a good supply of grass, wood, and water. There, our first proceedings were to make a big fire, and a great kettle of tea—a kettle, mind; then we rigged out a temporary tent, spread our beds on the ground, and went to sleep as comfortably as if we were at a first-rate hotel.

"On Monday night—having left the farm on the previous Thursday—we camped about two miles from the diggings; and, making a very early start, we got in sight of them a little after sunrise.

"It certainly was the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. Imagine a valley, varying in width from one hundred to five hundred yards, enclosed on either side by high ranges of hills, thickly timbered. Through the middle of this valley there winds a rapid little stream, or 'creek,' as it is termed here. On the banks of the creek, and among the trees of the surrounding ranges, were clustered tents, bark-huts formed after the native fashion with boughs of trees, and every kind of temporary habitation which could be put up in the course of an hour or two.

"Some idea may be formed of the number of tents and other habitations, when I say that there were then at least five thousand men at work within a space of about half-a-mile up the creek. All these had collected together in a few weeks; for it was only in the latter end of August that gold was first found in this out-of-the-way forest valley—now the site of the 'City of Ballarat,' as it was nicknamed by the diggers.

"We chose a place for our tent on a rather retired spot, not far from the creek; in a couple of hours our 'house' was put up, the stores stowed away inside it, and Tom and his team were off on the home journey to Geelong. Leaving the others to 'set our house in order,' get in a stock of firewood, bake a damper, and perform various other odd jobs attendant upon taking up one's residence in the bush—Fred, and I set out to reconnoitre the scene of our future operations.

"The place where there was the richest deposit of gold was on the face of the hill, which sloped gradually down from the edges on the right-hand

(or east) side of the creek, going towards the source. I mention these particulars, because it is worthy of note that almost all the principal diggings have been discovered in places similarly situated. The whole of the hill was what geologists call an 'alluvial deposit,' consisting of various strata of sand, gravel, large quartz boulders, and white clay, in the order I have named them. It is in this white clay, immediately beneath the quartz, that the gold is found. In one part of the hill, where the discovery was first made, this layer of quartz was visible at the surface, or 'cropped out'; in other parts it is to be met with at various depths, of from five to thirty feet.

"When first these diggings were discovered, there were, as might be expected, continual disputes as to how much ground each man should have for his operations. One party applied to the government, which immediately appointed a commissioner and a whole staff of subordinates, to maintain order and enforce certain regulations, made ostensibly for the benefit of the diggers. Of these regulations the two principal ones were, that each person must pay thirty shillings per month for a license to 'dig, search for, and remove gold' (I enclose you my license as a curiosity); and that no person could claim more than eight feet square of ground to work at, at one time. In consequence of this last regulation, the workings were concentrated in small parts of the hill, where the gold was chiefly to be found. This spot was perfectly riddled with holes, of from eight to sixteen feet square, separated by narrow pathways, which formed the means of communication between each hole and creek. A walk about this honeycomb of holes was most amusing. The whole place swarmed with men; some at work in the pits; others carrying down the auriferous earth to be washed in the creek—in wheel-barrows, hand-barrows, sacks, and tin dishes on their heads. In some of the holes I even saw men digging out bits of gold from between the stones with a table-knife.

"Busy as this scene was, I think the scene at the creek was busier. Both banks, for half-a-mile, were lined with men, hard at work washing the earth in cradles. Each cradle employs three men; and all the cradles are placed close to one another, at intervals of not more than a yard. The noise produced by the incessant 'rock-rock' of these cradles was like that of an immense factory. This—together with continual hammering of a thousand picks, and the occasional crashing fall of immense trees, whose roots had been undermined by some mole of a gold-digger—made a confusion of sounds, of which you will find it difficult to form a just idea."

Our correspondent's party was not very fortunate in its researches at Ballarat. Having explained this to us, he continues to give his impressions of the place.

"When we arrived there, the influx of people was still going on; tents springing up at the rate of fifty per diem. This continued until the third week in September, when the number of persons on the ground was estimated at seven thousand. Strange as was the appearance of the place by day, it was still stranger, at night. Before every tent was a fire; and, in addition to this general illumination, there was not unfrequently a special one—the accidental burning down of some tent or other. These little conflagrations produced splendid effects; the bright glare suddenly lighting up

the gloomy masses of trees, and the groups of wild looking diggers.

"Noise, too, was a prominent feature of 'Ballarat by night.' From dusk till eleven, p. m., there was a continuous discharge of fire-arms; for almost every one brought some kind of weapon with him to the diggings. Then there was a band which disconcerted by no means eloquent music; nine-tenths of the score being monopolized by the drum. In the pauses of this—which occurred, I suppose, whenever the indefatigable drummer had made his arms ache—we would hear rising from some of the tents music of a more pleasing character. The party next ours sung hymns very correctly in four parts; and from another tent the 'Last Rose of Summer' sometimes issued, played very pathetically on the flageolet.

"Sunday was always well observed at the diggings, so far as absence from work was concerned; and there was service held twice a day by different ministers. Altogether, though there were occasional fights—particularly on Sundays—there was much less disorder than one would have expected, where a large body of such men were gathered together. While we stayed, there happened only one murder and two or three robberies. You must not take the quantity of gold we got as any criterion of the amount found by other parties. Numbers made fortunes in a few weeks. One party that I knew obtained thirty pounds' weight—troy—in seven weeks; and a youth of seventeen, who came out with me in the 'Anna Maria,' received five hundred pounds as his share of six weeks' work. These are but ordinary cases. The greatest quantity known to have been taken out in one day was sixty-three pounds' weight, nearly three thousand pounds' worth.

"On Wednesday, November fifth, we packed up, left Ballarat, and set off for Mount Alexander, where we arrived on the Saturday following. The diggings there are not confined to one spot, but extend for twelve miles up a valley. The gold is found mostly among the surface-soil; some I have even seen lying among the grass. We tried first at a place where there was only one party at work; and the trial proving satisfactory, we stayed there three weeks, and obtained thirty-six ounces of gold. For a few days we did nothing; and then we went over to some other diggings about five miles off. Here we went 'prospecting' for ourselves, and the first day found out a spot from which we took thirty-five ounces in one week—the last of our stay; eighteen ounces we found in a single day.

"We then started off, back to Geelong; for I was anxious to be back for the harvest. We reached home on Saturday, December twentieth."

Writing on the twenty-eighth of December, our informant adds:—

"This gold discovery has sent the whole country mad. There are now upwards of fifty thousand men at work at the various diggings; of which I have only mentioned the two principal ones, Ballarat and Mount Alexander. Everybody who can by any means get away, is off. It is almost impossible to obtain laborers at any wages. Half the wheat in the country will most likely rot on the ground for want of hands to reap it. Fortunately we shall be able to get in ours ourselves, for our man Tom is still with us, and Mr. R.'s four brothers will lend us a hand. We have a very good crop of wheat, for the first year; the barley,

of which we had an acre or two, we have already cut and threshed, and are going to send a load in to Geelong to-morrow. I can handle the sickle and flail pretty well for a beginner. We shall cut the wheat next Tuesday. As soon as the harvest is over, and the wheat threshed out and sold, Mr. R. and I mean to make up another party and be off to the diggings. We cannot do all the work on the farm ourselves, and hiring servants now is out of the question. Men are asking seven shillings and sixpence a-day wages, and will only hire by the week at that rate. Things will soon be in the same state as they are in California. All ordinary employments will be put a stop to for a time; but there will no doubt come a reaction in the course of a year or two."

The reaction anticipated by the writer will not consist in a disgust at gold, or a decrease in the number of gold-diggers. It will be less a reaction than a recovery of balance. Although the gold in Australia is, on the whole, peculiarly accessible, and so abundant that a persevering worker cannot fail to draw a livelihood out of the diggings, yet there are very many workers who are not disposed to persevere. Experience has shown that a large number of men who rush upon the gold field to pick up a fortune, like all sanguine people, take up quickly with despair, and come away after a few weeks of bad success. Of the large number of people who will be induced by their gold to emigrate into the Australian colonies, many will try the gold fields and abandon them, many will find their health or their acquired habits unsuited to the rough work of the diggings, and the "Home of the Gold Miners"—as one sees it advertised in Sydney papers—"weighing only twelve pounds, nine feet square by eight feet high, for thirty-five shillings." Such men and others will be more ready to spread about the towns and through the pastures. In a year or two there will be in Australia labor willing to employ itself as readily upon the fields as upon the gold, while the work will proceed at the gold fields steadily enough.

The contrast is very great between the orderly behavior at the gold fields in Australia, and the disorders of California. There are few fields, we are told, at which a miner might not have his wife and family; if he could provide accommodation for them, they would be as safe, and meet with just as much respect as if they lived in their own house in town. A clergyman, quitting the Turon settlement, publicly returns his "sincere thanks to the commissioners of the Turon, and to the mining population in general, for the many acts of kindness which he experienced during his short residence among them. He considers it his duty," he says, "thus publicly to state, not only his own personal obligations, but also the pleasure which he felt, in witnessing the general desire of all classes to promote the object of his mission, and to profit by his humble labors; and if," he says, "he were to judge from their orderly conduct, and from the earnest attention and apparent devotion with which they all joined in the religious services of the Sabbath, he could not help forming a very favorable opinion of the miners. It cannot be denied that the great majority are sober, industrious, and well-disposed."

The file of a Sydney daily paper, since the commencement of gold discoveries, is quite a study for philosophers. Wonderful tales of treasures brought to town, condensed into the weekly "Gold Circular," are waited upon by an array of light, social

absurdities, and supported by an admirable body of sound human feeling. In one week, for example, twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of gold has come to town, against which uprisers a wholesale and retail grocer, who advertises that "Economy is the sure road to a Gold Field," and requests the public to look rather to his teas and coffees. Then our English eyes do, indeed, dwell a little on his list, when we remember our own taxes, and see that the gold diggers may buy gunpowder tea at two shillings a pound, and sugar at twopence. No wonder that they make their tea in kettles.

The next weekly "Gold Circular" tells of fifteen thousand pounds' worth that has come in by government escort—an unpopular, because a dear conveyance, the charge being one per cent.; and as for the gold privately transmitted, adds the Circular, "When we know of one man bringing down a thousand ounces in a horse-collar, it is impossible to state correctly what may come into town." On the same day, a draper declares that he is determined to sell ten thousand pounds' worth of haberdashery at an alarming sacrifice, "it being perfectly evident that at the present time it is the only means by which a trade can be done"—and so on. In the same paper there is advertised number one of a new periodical, to be called "The Golden Age;" and another bookseller announces as "The only readable book ever published in Australia, 'The Gold Calculator; or, Diggers' and Dealers' Ready Reckoner.'" That being the humor of Australian authors, an Australian musician offers, in the same good cause, "The Ophir Schottische;" while the public is in various places strongly recommended to buy pumps and cradles.

In another paper, we meet with an intelligent calculation of the advantages that will be derived, by the Australian colonies, from the immigration caused by gold. Among these, it is remembered that more mouths will want more mutton, and pay to the now troubled agriculturists better price for carcasses, that hitherto have only been available for tallow. In this calculation, we meet with an item that again falls curiously on our English ears:—"The consumption of meat at Sydney is at the rate of about three hundred and thirty pounds per head per annum; that of the bush much more, as there is a small proportion of children, and the adults have, at least, five hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and a large proportion of from six hundred to seven hundred and twenty pounds."

Then we come upon a narrative of the attempts that have been made to put down sly-grog-men at the gold fields. "I went out," says the writer, "one or two nights with the commissioners on the Turon, and, after blundering about all night among deep pits and high banks, crossing a flooded river half-a-dozen times on slippery logs, I came to the conclusion that to be out of bed on any such errand, was all vanity and vexation of spirit. We knew that we were within a few yards of the grog-shop; saw drunken men lying about, but everything was perfectly quiet; not a move, nor a sound, except the monotonous declaration of a drunken fellow, that—he was a man." Perhaps he was sober enough to feel that he incurred some risk of being taken for a beast.

In another paper we are told of the first passage of "the gold coach" through a quiet village, and of the consequent defection of the laborers. In the same paper we have news from Mount Alex-

ander, that might well turn the head of any villager. One person "left Melbourne on Saturday, and returned on the Monday week following, bringing fourteen pounds' weight of gold with him, dug up by himself. Another man, after working ten days, brought back twenty-two pounds' weight. A friend of mine, a gentleman who only went to see, was anxious to try his luck, and begged a dishful of earth, to have, as he thought, a few grains to take home with him; a few minutes' washing gave him nearly two ounces of gold." The gold at Mount Alexander, the richest field discovered yet, lies near the surface. Two men there obtained four hundred ounces in three weeks. As for the weekly "Gold Circular," at Sydney, it gets poetical:—

"In our first shipment, we could count the value of the gold in pounds sterling by hundreds; in a few weeks it rose to thousands; in a few weeks more it became tens of thousands; and we are fast approaching a period when each ship will convey hundreds of thousands." At the time when that was written—on December sixth—in the very few months since the digging was commenced, there had been shipped from Australia gold to the value of three hundred and twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pounds; and since that time the yield of gold has been increasing. At the same time, California continues unexhausted, and the field of gold in Russia has enlarged.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is just reason for anticipating a change in the value of gold, which will begin to take place gradually at no distant time. The annual supply of gold promises now to be about eight times greater than it was at the commencement of the present century. The value of silver, with reference to corn, fell two-thirds in the sixteenth century, as that of gold is likely to fall in the nineteenth. The price of silver fell in consequence of the increased production from the great mines of America. A piece of gold is now assumed to be worth fifteen or sixteen like pieces of silver; during the Middle Ages it was worth only twelve such pieces. In Europe, under Charlemagne, ten pieces of silver were an equivalent; and at one period, in Rome, silver was but nine times less precious than gold; relative values, therefore, have varied, and they will vary again. Since they were last fixed by law, there have occurred no causes of disturbance. Now, however, a time of disturbance is again at hand.

In France the monetary unit is a franc, and silver is, by law, the standard coinage; but a supplementary law having assigned the value of twenty silver francs to pieces of gold of a fixed weight, our neighbors will not be exempted from our difficulty, and the French State, like the English State, may profit, if it please, at the expense of public creditors. Governments have only to do nothing, and a large part of their debts will tumble from them; holders of government securities have only to be passive, and in the course of years their incomes will diminish sensibly. Debtors will hold a jubilee, and creditors will be dismayed, if gold shall be allowed to fall in value, without due provision being made to avert, as far as possible, all inconvenience attending that event.

In 1848, the value of gold had been for many years a very little more than the amount of silver allowed by law, in France, as its equivalent. The little difference was quite enough to put gold out

of circulation. Gold was more precious as metal than as money; it was, therefore, used by preference as metal; when wanted as coin, it was only to be bought, at more than its legal current value, of the money-changers. There is a vast quantity of gold in circulation now, but it is newly coined.

The fall in the value of gold cannot begin, to any appreciable extent, until the utmost available quantity has been employed upon the monetary system of the world. Coinage now goes on rapidly. A huge mass of sovereigns has lately been sent from England to the Australian colonies. When the depreciation once begins, it will be tolerably rapid. It is not absurd to calculate, that if the gold production should continue, at its present rate, sovereigns will be as half-sovereigns now are in value in the course of about twenty years.

At the same time, it will be the duty of all states to take such precautions as shall make it impossible for a change of this kind to introduce confusion into commerce, or to change the character and spirit of existing contracts.

From Chambers' Journal.

CURIOSITIES OF POSTHUMOUS CHARITY.

THE curious observer, in his rambles about town, is occasionally struck with some singular demonstrations for which he is at a loss to account. Sometimes they assume a benevolent form, and sometimes they have a holiday-making aspect, yet with a touch of the lugubrious. In London, or in some one of the thriving towns lying within a score of miles of it, he strolls into a church, where he sees a number of loaves of bread piled up at the back of the communion-table, or ranged, as they are in a baker's shop, upon shelves against the wall. It is a pleasant sight, but apt to be somewhat puzzling. Perhaps he saunters into a country church-yard, and there finds amongst the rank grass and moss-grown and neglected memorials of the silent multitude, one trim and well-tended monument, uninvaded by cryptogamia, free from all stain of the weather, and the surrounding grassy sward neatly mown and fenced in, it may be, with budding willow branches or a circle of clipped box. Or he finds his way through a suburban village blocked up some fine morning by a crowd of poor women and girls, clustered round the door of a retired tradesman or the curate of the place, from which three or four at a time emerge with gratified looks, and go about their business, while others enter in their turn. Such demonstrations as these, and we might mention many others, have their origin in certain charitable dispositions and bequests, many of which are of considerable antiquity. There is one in operation to this day, near Winchester, which dates from the time of William of Wykeham; by virtue of which every traveller passing that way, if he choose to make the demand, is regaled with a pint of beer and a meal of bread and cheese. There is another similar antique charity in operation in Wiltshire, near Devizes, where, on one occasion, the dispenser of the benevolence, in the exercise of his privilege to feed the hungry, threw a loaf of bread into the carriage of George III., as the royal *cortège* passed the spot. The name of these post-mortem charities is legion. They abound in every city, burgh, town, and hamlet in England, to an extent absolutely startling to a person who looks into the

subject for the first time. The number of them belonging to the city of London alone—that is, originating among her citizens, and mostly dispensed under the direction of the several worshipful companies—can hardly be fewer than 1500, if so few. The parochial charities only of London city yield an income of nearly 40,000*l.* a year. The history of all these charities would fill many bulky volumes. We propose merely to take a passing glance at a few, which are interesting from their singularity, or from the light which they reflect upon the benevolent aspect of a certain section of society in times long past; and which, perhaps, may be found in some degree instructive and suggestive, as illustrating the operation of post-mortem benevolence.

At St. — Church, not a hundred miles from St. Martin's Le Grand, there prevails an amusing instance of the perversion of the funds of a charity to purposes which could not possibly have been intended by the founder. Many centuries ago, a Roman Catholic gentleman, dying, bequeathed to that church a small estate, the proceeds of which he directed should be devoted to the purpose of supplying the officiating priests with refreshment on the Sabbath-day. The Roman Catholic service has long since given place to a Protestant one, and the band of officiating priests has dwindled down to one clergyman—while the value of the estate has increased perhaps fiftyfold. At the present moment, the sum which the estate originally produced is paid over to the church-wardens, who are at times a little puzzled as to what to do with it. They get rid of a good portion in this way: at every service which is held in the church, they place a bottle of the best sherry which can be procured for money upon the vestry-table; from this the "officiating priest" strengthens his inner man with a glass or two before commencing his ministrations, and then the church-wardens sit down and finish the remainder comfortably by themselves, while the reverend gentleman is in the reading-desk or the pulpit. The cost of the wine, however, does not amount to half the sum in their hands, and the remainder goes to form a fund from which the church is painted, repaired, decorated, and kept in apple-pie order—the whole fabric undergoing a thorough revision and polish both outside and in as often as a pretext can be found. What becomes of the bulk of the property—the large surplus arising from the increased value of the devised estate—this deponent sayeth not; the reader may be in a condition to guess by the time he has read to the end of this paper.

In the year 1565, a Mr. Edward Taylor willed to the Leathersellers' Company a message, tenement, and melting-house, in the parish of St. Olave, and other messages in the same parish, upon condition that they should, quarterly and forever, distribute among the poorest and neediest people in the Poultry Compter one kilderkin of beer and twelve pennyworths of bread, and the same to the poor of Wood Street Compter, Newgate, and the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea prisons. Under this bequest, the company are at present in possession of considerable property, vastly increased in value since the date of the will; in respect of which property, 1*s.* worth of penny-loaves, and 2*s.* in money, in lieu of beer, are sent by them every quarter to the poor prisoners in each of the prisons mentioned in the original testament!

Robert Rogers devised in 1601 the sum of 400*l.* to the Leathersellers' Company, "to be employed in lands, the best pennyworth they could get;" and that the house should have 40*s.* of it a year forever. The remainder was to be bestowed upon poor scholars, students of divinity—two of Oxford, and two of Cambridge, for four years; and after them to two others of each university; and after them, to others; and so on forever. He also, by the same will, devised 200*l.* to be lent to four young men, merchant adventurers, at 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, for the 200*l.* interest. The whole of the interest was to be spent in bread—to be distributed among poor prisoners—and coal for poor persons, with the exception of some small fees and gratuities to the parish clerk and beadle, for their trouble in carrying out his intentions.

Lewisham, once a town in Kent, but now nothing more than a suburb of London, enjoys the benefactions of the Rev. Abraham Colfe, who, in 1656, bequeathed property for the maintenance of numerous charities. Some of them are singularly characteristic. Having provided for the erection of three strong alms-houses, he directed that certain alms-bodies should be periodically chosen, who were to be "godly poor inhabitants of Lewisham, and being single persons, and threescore years old, past their hard bodily labor, and able to say the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments," &c. &c. All these alms-bodies were to have "3*d.* each allowed them every day for their comfortable sustenance—that is, 21*d.* a week—to be paid them every month during their single life, and as long as they should behave themselves honestly and godly, and duly frequent the parish church." They were to be summarily removed if guilty of profane or wicked conduct. The alms-bodies were not to exceed five in number at any one time. He directed a buttery to be built for their convenience, and also a little brick room, with a window in it, for the five alms-bodies to assemble in daily for prayer, and that the schoolmaster of the reading-school should pray with them there. He further directed the enclosure of gardens, of sixteen feet broad at the least, for their recreation. Mr. Colfe also left money for lectures at Lewisham Church, as well as a sum for the purchase of Bibles, until they should amount to the number of thirty or forty, which were to be chained to the pews, or otherwise preserved; and he left 12*d.* a quarter to the clerk for writing down the names of those that should use them; also 2*s.* 8*d.* to him for taking care of the clock and dial; also, 10*s.* for a sermon on the 5th of November, and 12*d.* in bread for the poor who should come and hear it, and 6*d.* to the parish clerk; also 20*s.*, to be distributed, a penny at a time, to the children and servants who could best say their catechism, and 6*d.* to the minister for catechising them; also a yearly sum of money for distributing on every Lord's day, after the morning service, seven penny wheat loaves, to seven of the most honest, peaceable, and godly poor householders of Lewisham, who could say the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments; also, 5*s.* a year to poor maid-servants, who at the time of their marriage had continued seven years with their master or mistress in Lewisham; with numerous other bequests. He further left moneys for the preservation of his father's, grandfather's, his wife's and his own monument—his own being an oaken plank oiled, and a stone "a foot square every way, and three feet long." The

stone and plank were removed many years ago, and an inscribed tablet has been set into the outer wall of the church.

The practice of leaving money for the sustentation of tomb-stones and monuments, appears to have prevailed for many generations; and may be very naturally accounted for by the repugnance which most men would feel to the idea of having their bones knocked about by the sexton's spade, and then wheeled off to the bone-house, if there happens to be a bone-house, or shot into the neighboring river, or on a farmer's dung-heap, if there is no such convenience as a bone-house at hand. It was this feeling that induced the celebrated sculptor, Chantrey, to make sure of a quiet resting-place for his remains. In so doing, he was, though perhaps unconsciously, but following the example of many who have gone before him. We have more than once encountered a sober party upon their annual visit to some country church-yard tomb, of which, by virtue of some bequest—which provides them with a good dinner upon the occasion—they are the appointed guardians. The worshipful members of the London companies sometimes choose to rest from their labors in a rural grave; and when they do, survivors are always to be found not unwilling to enjoy once a year a pensive holiday, coupled with the creature comforts which the quiet comrade whose behest they execute has taken care to provide for them. It would be perhaps difficult to find a single church in all the little towns and hamlets within a dozen miles of London, which does not contain one tenant at least who has thus secured permanent possession of his last resting-place. So strong is this feeling in some individuals, that they shrink from confiding even in the stone-vaults in the interior of a city church. Thus, Sir William Rawlins, not so very long ago, bequeathed a certain sum of money for the preservation of his tomb and monument in Bishopsgate Church. The bequest provides for the remuneration of the visitors, who are specified parish functionaries, and entertains them with a good dinner on the day of the annual visitation, which they are bound to make—to inspect the monument and tomb, and to guarantee their good condition. In many instances, the sum originally devised for the sustentation of a grave or monument is not sufficient, in the present day, to remunerate residents in London for looking after it, and the money has been transferred to the parish in which the testator lies, and has become the perquisite of the sexton.

In the year 1635, one John Fletcher bequeathed to the Fishmongers' Company the sum of 120*l.* to supply 10*s.* every month to the poor of St. Peter's Hospital, to provide them with a dinner on Sunday.

In the year 1653, Mr. James Glassbrook bequeathed, after his wife's death, the sum of 500*l.* in the following words: "And 500*l.* more to such uses as follow—to the poor of the parish of St. Bololph Without, in which I dwell, 5*l.* in bread yearly; 5*l.* to the poor of St. Giles' yearly in bread; to the poor of St. Sepulchre's, yearly in bread, 5*l.*, to be given every Sabbath-day in the churches." The amount of bread at the present time given away in London under this disposition, supplemented by some smaller bequests, is sixty-eight half-quartern loaves a week. The same poor persons, when they once get on the list, continue to receive the bread during their whole lives, unless

they cease to reside in the parish, or are struck off the list of pensioners for misconduct.

One Daniel Midwinter, in 1750, left 1000*l.* to the Stationers' Company, to pay 14*l.* a year to the parish of St. Faith's; and a like sum to Hornsey parish, to be applied in apprenticing two boys or girls of the several parishes, and to fit them out in clothes. At the present time, the money is paid over to the parties receiving the apprentices, with a recommendation to lay it out in clothes for the children.

By the will of John Stock, the parish of Christchurch received, among other legacies, the sum of 100*l.*, the interest of which was directed to be applied in the following manner: one guinea to be paid to the vicar for a sermon to be preached by him on Good Friday; 10*s.* to the curate for reading the prayers on that day; and the remainder to be equally distributed among such poor women as chose to remain and receive the sacrament after the service!

A Mr. James Wood, amongst other curious provisions, devised to the church-wardens of the parish of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, the sum of 15*s.* annually, to be given away in twopences to such poor people as they should meet in the streets when going and returning from church on a specified day.

The inhabitants of Watling Street, and other districts in the vicinity of St. Antholin's Church, are familiar with the sound of what is known in the neighborhood as the "fish-bell." This is a bell which rings out every Friday night from St. Antholin's tower, to summon the inhabitants to evening prayers; very few people attend to the summons, which comes at an inconvenient time for that busy locality. There stands almost against the walls of the church a pump, which is always in good repair, and yields an excellent supply of water, greatly to the convenience of the neighborhood. Both the pump and the prayers are the legacy of an old fish-woman of the last century. It is said, that for forty years of her life she was in the habit of purchasing fish in the small hours of the morning at Billingsgate Market; these she washed and prepared for her customers at a small spring near St. Antholin's Church, and afterwards cried them about the town upon her head. Having prospered in her calling, she bequeathed a sufficient sum to perpetuate a weekly service in the church, and a good and efficient pump erected over the spring of which she had herself enjoyed a life-long privilege.

In St. George's in the East, there is a charity, well known as Raine's Charity, which was founded by Henry Raine, Esq., in the earlier part of the last century. The charity consists of two endowed schools, sufficiently well provided for the maintenance and instruction of fifty boys and as many girls, and the payment and support of a master and mistress. It is one part of the system of management, that six pupils of either sex leave the schools every year, to make room for as many new ones. By a somewhat whimsical provision in the will of the founder, a species of annual lottery comes off at the discharge of the six girls. If they have behaved well, have been attentive and obedient, and punctual and exact in the observance of their religious duties, they are entitled to draw lots for the sum of 100*l.*, which will be paid to the fortunate holder of the prize as a marriage-portion upon her wedding-day. It is further provided, that the wedding is to take place on the 1st day

of May; and that, in addition to the portion, 5*l.* is to be expended upon a marriage-dinner and a merry-making.

Bequests for the portioning of poor girls and virtuous servant-maids are, indeed, not at all uncommon. In the village of Bawburgh, in Norfolk, there is one founded in the last century by a Quaker gentleman, who left a sum of money, the interest of which is shared among the servant-girls in the place who get married. The amount is not payable until twelve months after the wedding. The village being small, it will sometimes happen that a good sum accumulates before an applicant comes forward who can substantiate a claim upon it. The object of such bequests as these is sufficiently plain; the donors had evidently in view the counteracting of the wretched tendency of the old poor-law, which, by giving the mother of an illegitimate child a claim upon the parish funds, actually placed a premium upon female frailty.

In London there are charitable dispositions and bequests for the nursery of every virtue that could be named, but more especially of industry, providence, and thrift. A man may be brought into the world by voluntary contributions; he may be maintained and educated at a foundling asylum, if his parents, as thousands do, choose to throw him upon the public compassion; he may ride into a good business upon the back of a borrowed capital, for which he pays but a nominal interest; and if he fail to realize a competence by his own endeavors, he may perchance revel in some corporation sinecure, or, at the worst, luxuriate in an alms-house, and be finally deposited in the church-yard—and all at other people's expense. On the other hand, if he be made of the right metal, he may carve his way to fortune and to civic fame, and may die full of years and honors—in which case, he is pretty sure to add one more to the list of charitable donors whose legacies go to swell the expectancies of the city poor. It would be difficult for any eccentric testator in the present day to hit upon a new method of disposing of the wealth which he can no longer keep. Every device for the exercise of posthumous generosity seems to have been exhausted long ago.

The trust-estates, the source of so many of the city of London charities, are mostly, if not all, under the control of the corporate companies. How they are managed, is a secret altogether unknown to the public, and of which, indeed, the livery and freemen of some of the companies have but a very limited knowledge. The revenue derived from the trust-estates, according to their own showing, is not much less than £90,000 a year; but they have large revenues, of which they do not choose to show any account at all. These are supposed to arise mainly from the increase in value of property originally devised to charitable uses—which increase it is their custom to appropriate as they please. "Thus, for example," says a writer on this subject, "if a testator left to any one of these companies a piece of land then worth £10 per annum, directing that £10 should be annually appropriated to the support of a school, and the land subsequently increases in value to £500, then the master and wardens of the company claim the right of appropriating to their own uses the surplus of £490. In no equitable view of the case can this be deemed to be private property." It seems probable that these things will be looked into before long. From a motion lately made in the House of Commons, we learn that a thorough

investigation is contemplated into the management and application of all charities throughout the kingdom, the inquiry to be conducted at the cost of the several charities, the largest of which are not to pay more than £50, and the smaller ones twopence in the pound, upon the amount of their capital. Perhaps this inquiry may lead to the recovery of some of the charities which are stated to be lost, and of which nothing but the titles, under the denomination of So-and-so's gift, remain upon the corporation records.

The secret management of the trust-estates contrasts curiously with the pompous exhibition which some of the worshipful companies make of their deeds of benevolence. Some of the smaller and older churches of London are stuck over in the interior with enormous black boards, as big as the church door almost, upon which are emblazoned, in gilt letters, the donations to the poor, to the school, to the repair of the fabric, &c., from the worshipful company of This and That, from the days of King James—the inscriptions of whose time are illegible through the smoke and damp of centuries—down to the days of Queen Victoria, and the donations of last Christmas, fresh and glittering from the hands of the gilder. Thus, the interesting old church of St. Bartholomew the Great is lined with the eleemosynary exploits of the worshipful Ironmongers' Company, whose multitudinous banners of black and gold are in abominable discordance with the severe and simple architecture of the ancient edifice. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," is a monition apparently not much in repute among the corporate companies.

The reader may gather from the perusal of the above desultory examples, selected from a mass of similar ones, some idea of the enormous amount of the funds, intended for benevolent purposes, which Christian men have bequeathed to the world; and they may perhaps serve to enlighten the curious observer on the subject of some of the unobtrusive phenomena which occasionally excite his admiration and arouse his conjecture. They are the silent charities of men in the silent land. How much good they do, and how much harm, and on which side the balance is likely to lie—these are questions which, for the present, we have neither time nor space to discuss.

From the Christian Observer.

Incidents and Memories of the Christian Life, &c.

By the Rev. G. B. CHEEVER, D. D. Collins: Glasgow.

CAN it be believed that the proper title of this work, as it proceeded from the hands of its American author, was "A Rest in the Bottle for Jack in the Doldrums," and that we owe its present title to a voyage across the Atlantic, and to the editorial wisdom of "the Rev. Thomas Binney?" We trust that the author will be profoundly grateful to the editor as long as he lives; for few men can have received a larger benefit at the hands of another. The work itself is a seafaring allegory; and is designed to apply much of the machinery of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" to men who have their occupation on the great waters. It is one of the evils to be set against the innumerable advantages of such a work as the "Pilgrim's Progress," that if it does not exhaust, yet it altogether appropriates and monopolizes the peculiar field of literature which it occupies. Addison, we know, re-

solved to kill Sir Roger de Coverley, lest any one, by attempting to continue his history, should destroy his identity, or at least mar the consistency of his character. And we should be disposed to interdict all imitations of Bunyan, as calculated to mar what they are intended to improve.

But, independent of this objection to the general character of the work, we are obliged to state the strongest objection to the execution of it. The violations of taste are innumerable. The holiest things, though not intentionally, are burlesqued. A multitude of passages in Sacred Scripture, which have hitherto presented themselves only in the solemn garb of the sanctuary, are in danger, in the case of any mind familiar with the language and imbued with the spirit of this work, to present themselves in future with associations which vulgarize and debase them. What will our readers say to such names of places and men, such as "Neither cold nor hot"—"Pray without ceasing"—"Who shall condemn us?"—or to such expressions as "They brought to bear with great effect the larger gun," "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

And yet, as Mr. Binney truly says, this is a book full of thought, invention, and scriptural knowledge, and is undeniably the production of a good and a clever man. It is impossible to question his earnest desire to be useful in his generation; and some of his other writings are well calculated to accomplish this end. But he may be persuaded that the style of writing here employed will find few admirers on this side of the Atlantic; and we think too favorably of the taste and judgment of our Transatlantic brethren to believe that it will be much more acceptable in the land of its birth.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.—We all of us, in a great measure, create our own happiness, which is not half so much dependent upon scenes and circumstances as most people are apt to imagine; and so it is with beauty. Nature does little more than furnish us with the materials of both, leaving us to work them out for ourselves. "Stars and flowers, and hills, and woods, and streams, are letters, and words, and voices, vehicles, and missionaries," but they need to be interpreted in the right spirit. We must read, and listen for them, and endeavor to understand and profit by them. And when we look around us upon earth, we must not forget to look upward to heaven; "Those who can see God in everything," writes a popular author, "are sure to see good in everything." We may add with truth, that they are also sure to see beauty in everything and everywhere. When we are at peace with ourselves and the world, it is as though we gazed upon outward things through a golden-tinted glass, and saw a glory resting upon them all. We know that it cannot be long thus; sin and sorrow, and blinding tears, will dim the mirror of our inmost thoughts; but we must pray and look again, and by-and-by the cloud will pass away. There is beauty everywhere, but it requires to be sought, and the seeker after it is sure to find it—it may be in some out-of-the-way place, where no one else would think of looking. Beauty is a fairy; sometimes she hides herself in a flower-cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide-and-seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright, young face. Sometimes she takes the form of a white cloud, and goes dancing over the green fields, or the deep blue sea, where her misty form, marked out in momentary darkness, looks like the passing shadow of an angel's wing. Beauty is a coquette, and weaves herself a robe of various hues,

according to the season—and it is hard to say which is the most becoming.

From the Tribune.

THE MISSION OF THE MODERN MUSE.

BY C. W. TOLLES.

Nor on fictitious themes,

Olympian amours, myths and Titan frays;
Divinely haunted fountains, groves and streams;
The traceried fables, woven in the dreams
Of bay-wreathed poets, who in early days
Strolled chanting to the beggar or the king:
Though rich the classic lore, not these the Muse must sing.

Gay lyric melodies,

Like wine-les steeped in laughter, love and mirth;

Nor epic structures, pillar, cornice, frieze,
Encrusted with heraldic blazonries,
That shrine the carnage which has reeked the Earth.

Imagination, decked with peerless fame!
Thy silver-chorded lyre, Realities now claim.

Nor sentimental strains

Of maudlin poet—parodies of love—
Who torture language, poetry, and brains,
To wring out groans expressive of their pains.

The days have past when idle poets throve
'Neath iron oppression, and amused the times—
From patient anguish wooed—with roundelays and rhymes.

The dull dogmatic saws,

From time-browned tomes of reverend folly
Culled;

Decrepit maxims, robed in guise of laws;
Quaint phrases, syllabled by human daws,
When Priests and Despots Truth and Progress lulled,

Form not a stirring, Roundhead Psalmody,
The stricken world to rouse—now long to be free.

The bold and ruthless wrongs,

That stalked the earth in less enlightened times,
Have fed affrighted; but more subtle throngs
Still fetter Earth, though gilded be their throngs.
The primal curse is extant in all climes,
Of hopeless labor; Pride, Deceit and Gold
Still subjugate the race, and Man's allegiance hold.

Rise, Muse, and take the lyre!

Sweep every string, till cowering nations hear!
Take from thy shrine the sacred vestal fire;
With songs exultant, light the funeral pyre
Of wrongs, whose sceptres bow the world in fear!
Then utter peaceful strains, over vale and hill;
Earth's curses, shrieks and groans—its rage and tumult still.

Dream not upon the Past,

'Mid memories rustling like the leaves at night,
Nor deem the Future is with blackness cast,
But bannered hopes unfurl to every blast,
From Poesy's unclouded mountain height.
Over the dark Present, like the Morning Star,
Thine eye must herald thence the coming light afar.

Time has a forward pace,

Though seeming oft in treachery self-involved
With Protean errors, which through every race
Repeat themselves with new, delusive face.
Nor shall the ages be from Earth dissolved,
Till on the final stratum of the years,
'Neath Heaven's resplendent smile, Time's perfect work appears.

Newark, N. J., April 9, 1852.

From Household Words.

THE RIGHTS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

It is very absurd and very provoking; but there certainly is something so peculiar in the style and manner of John Bull, that, go where he will, and dress as he may, he is sure to be recognized as an Englishman.

"Does monsieur know where he is going to?" asked a man in a *blouse*, as I entered one of the French frontier towns. His politeness arose from the hope of pocketing (in return for leading me to the place I might want to find) a few of those ugly and miscellaneous things called *sous*. These, however, it is rumored, are soon to grow beautifully less, by the substitution of a new miniature coinage, a sort of doll's money, in which a tiny pocket-piece about the size of a farthing, is to represent the value of a stout, overgrown brown penny.

"Does monsieur know the way?"

"Yes, thank you, I know my way. But what is all this bustle about?"

"They are drawing for the conscription, here, to-day. To-morrow they will draw at the place you come from. The driver hopes you will return in his voiture;" there being a strong opposition, or *concurrence* on the road.

Now, among the most cherished birthrights of a Frenchman, are, the right to wear a beard of any size and shape, from a housemaid's blacking-brush to a full-grown porcupine; and the right to be drawn for a soldier, and to serve in the army seven glorious years, or thereabouts.

The "thereabouts" arises from the circumstance that the term is reckoned from the first of January of the year in which the drawing takes place; and many things may happen to hasten the *congé* or discharge. Otherwise, the service claims its due with little respect to persons. Every male (subject or citizen!) born in France, or of French parents in a foreign territory, is liable to be drawn. Among the exemptions, are—the eldest of an orphan family; the only son, or, if no son, the only grandson or great grandson, of a widow, or of one seventy years of age. Substitutes are sometimes provided by a sort of Conscription Assurance, on the payment before the drawing of a thousand francs; if the man-market is full, eight hundred may insure the individual, in case he happens to be drawn. After the conscription has marked its men, a substitute is much more costly.

The market-place was now full of these lads; for it is only in their one-and-twentieth year that they are open to the honors of the conscription. Many of them, by their look, would have been taken for mere boys of sixteen or seventeen. I moved among the groups unmolested and unnoticed, though I felt very much out of place there.

As fast as each numero or number was drawn, and the name to which it fell ascertained, the person to whom it belonged stuck in front of his cap a white paper, with the figures written in ink in large characters. The exact number is a matter of some interest. For suppose that from a certain district it is calculated that fifty serviceable men are required, numbers will be inscribed and drawn up to perhaps eighty. If all the first fifty, on medical inspection, turn out as it should be, the remaining thirty escape; but if number one is blind or lame, then number fifty-one comes into play. So that the early numbers are sure to serve, the last numbers almost sure to come off scot-free, while

the intermediate gentlemen are in quite a precarious state, till the revision is over. In some municipalities a trifling *honorarium*—a five-franc piece or so—is given to the drawer of number one; but that is soon melted away.

The poor lad, as soon as he was ticketed, was seized by two or more companions, and led off, pinioned arm in arm to the nearest liquor-shop, and kept there until his senses were stunned.

"La, la, la!—la, la, la!—la, la, la!"

"Ah! poor boys, they sing," said a female acquaintance who recognized me. "They sing, and the mothers cry. My poor son, whom you know, had to set out for Algiers directly after his drawing. There he was, two years, till he caught the African fever, and was sent home for us to nurse. He soon was really convalescent, but we made the worst of it. He went to the military hospital, and you know, sir, in this neighborhood I have a good deal of influence, and a good deal of protection. So they clapped a large blister over his chest, and inspected him by twilight, and discharged him as incapable. My husband and I were glad to have our only child back again. He did not like the blister—such a large one—but that was better than five more years in Algeria.

"La, la, la!—la, la, la!—la, la, la!"

More intoxicators, and more intoxicated, arm in arm, in strings of half-a-score. As heathen priests deaden the senses of a doomed victim, so those who are not drawn make it a duty to inebriate those who are. Soon it works; quarrels, abuse, foolish fraternizations, fighting, face-slapping, falls in the dust, the interferences of excited women, and a great deal that is sad. At last they are dragged home somehow, and all is quiet.

But it is just to record also that not a few conscripts, on receiving their *numero*, wore it like men, carrying themselves as if they knew they had a duty to perform, and walked home in honorable guise, neither exhibiting fear, nor the temporary bravery of stimulants.

Next day, the same scene at the place indicated. Once was enough to have witnessed the playing of this game, and I thought I could better occupy myself in solving the question whether Frenchmen do, or do not, eat frogs; and if so, of what particular species. I therefore turned my back, and marched towards the country. At the corner of the street leading out of the market-place stood a well-dressed, good-looking *bourgeoise*, about forty years of age. She had no intention of approaching nearer to the crowd, but as I passed her, she asked me whether the drawing had begun. Had I been a Frenchman, I do not think she would have spoken.

"Not yet, madame," I replied, "but they are going to commence immediately."

She gave me a bow, by way of thanks, and I proceeded on my road.

The rights of Frenchwomen may be pretty well comprised in the privilege of doing whatever in other countries is done by men, *except* going to the field of battle; nor am I quite sure that I have ever seen a Frenchwoman *at plough*. We all know that at Paris the inns are stocked with female waiters, female porters, and female booties, and that women conduct all sorts of shops, while their husbands lounge about with their hands in their pockets. Moreover, in agricultural districts, it certainly does look odd, on a warm spring forenoon, to see a stout, good-looking girl, twenty or more years of age, pull off her jacket (*camisole*) to go to

work in her shirt (!) sleeves, and dig away, and spread manure, and plant cabbages and potatoes. But what would half-a-dozen of the fair sex, thus employed, say to men who should attempt to interfere, more than by giving them an occasional hand's-turn? They would turn them out of the garden as degenerate citizens, and tell them to go and smoke their pipes like men.

Digging is only light work. What are those women doing yonder by the side of the canal? They are taking the place of Darwin's "unconquered steam," and dragging afar "the slow barge," if not "the rapid car," as fast as they can. With a hempen strap across their chest, and a rope at their backs, they are tugging and towing like yoked buffaloes—and no doubt their pull is nearly as effectual as that of the men behind them; but they do not look conscious of doing anything extraordinary or improper. They would refuse to be released from the laborious partnership, and sit on deck in idleness. Any such proposal would be thus received: "We are much obliged to you, but please mind your own business. What do you mean by separating men and women? We eat, drink, laugh, travel, and sleep with our husbands; and shall we not work with them? Take yourself off for a foolish busy-body." Further south, female energies are even more strenuously exerted.

I must think that those who say that all this is merely the result of the men having been drawn off by continual warfare, are very superficial observers. It is not so. French women have achieved for themselves a standing, an independent position, which is unequalled among civilized nations. They have caused themselves to be made the companions and the friends of the men, as well as their sweet-hearts and wives; they are not to be put down, or kept in the back-ground. The *Dames de la Halle* are a Power; and Louis Napoleon was wise to acknowledge them as such. What is the most endearing term by which a Frenchman addresses his wife? *Ma bonne amie*! "My good female friend!" In return—*Mon ami*! "My friend!" is the title by which the lady expresses her affection, and her almost-equality. She will love, and she will cherish; but it is questionable how far she will obey. She will take her share, and do her part in everything—and there is an end of it.

On a bright sunny morning I took my place in one of those unpretending but comfortable one-horse vehicles which ply between the small French towns. Covered carts we should call them in England. I settled myself in the back part—*le fond*—a nice snug corner, the wind being north-east, and behind us.

"Egh!—Ugh!—Arrrrh!" said the driver. The sober gray knew what was meant, and started off at a cow's trot of, perhaps, three and a half miles an hour.

Before we quite got clear of the streets, a shop-door flew open, and a stout, strong man hailed us, with "Have you room for an infant?" Plenty, of course, even had there been none. The shop was a grocer's; the name I forget, but it was somebody's *Marchand Epicier*. I should rather say nobody's, according to his own description. For he soon returned in a smartly braided cloak backed by a hood like an extinguisher, and with a fat, rosy-cheeked child in his arms. His wife dismissed him with a nod, and returned into the spicery. He mounted, and took his seat by my side. The room inquired after was for baby and self.

The child looked to be one of those desirable infants that never *can* cry, unless soundly whipped. Its cheeks were like a ripe Orleans plum, full of juice, which the slightest pinching of the skin would cause to squirt out. Instead of a doll, it held in its hands a two-sous roll of light bread, which it hardly knew how to manage to dandle.

"That child will be starved one of these days," said I.

"Not yet, monsieur," answered the Merchant Spicer. "Plenty of bread is good for the health."

"And how long has she worn ear-rings?" I asked, taking the liberty at the same time to handle the copper-colored pendants.

"Well, I don't know; a long time. She is nearly two years old, and her ears were pierced before her third month. To pierce them early is good for the health." I could not reply that it had been unhealthy in this instance.

Here the cow's-trot suddenly flagged; and, weathering the butt-end of a cottage, we perceived, by a black profile portrait of a can of beer and a tumbler, which ornamented the upper part of the door-way, that "Here one sells to eat and to drink." A smiling dame appeared, talked unintelligible *tutoier*-ing nonsense to the be-jewelled infant, and took papa's order for a glass of gin.

"Not good for the health," said I, as he took the bright thimble-full in hand. "Not good for the health, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon," shaking my head, referring to my watch, and putting as much gravity into my looks as if I had never tasted anything stronger than milk-and-water all the days of my life.

"But yes, monsieur! but yes, yes, yes! It is very, very, very, good for the health."

"Egh! ugh! arrrrh!" again.

The whip made a score of flashes and cracks in mid-air, as if waging war with an invisible swarm of horse-flies, but never once touched our rapid gray. We say the French know nothing about horses; they certainly know very little about treating them cruelly. Off we dashed with an increased velocity of not less than three miles and three quarters per hour. The country was pretty; and, though in the *fond*, there was a small square bit of glass close by me, which they called a *croisèe*, thus enabling me to contemplate the landscape. Soon I perceived a pleasant group of cottages and a farm. There we halted again. The infant, and what belonged to her, vacated the place and got out.

"You return by me to-morrow?" asked the driver.

"Or the day after. I shall make a promenade; my infant also. I shall dine, I shall sup, and then we shall sleep like two wooden shoes. My wife sends me here, because she says the air of the country is good for the health. Good day, messieurs;—to see you again!"

I lifted my hat to the mademoiselle with the ear-rings, and the covered cart once more trundled on.

"How very ridiculous!" said I to myself; for the gravity and matter-of-course air of the grocer was a significant point. "How many English-women would thus send their husbands out to grass, themselves stopping at home to fag at the shop and the warehouse? How many English-men, out for two or three days 'air of the country,' would be bothered with a two-year-old bantling, male or female, ear-ringed or un-ear-ringed?"

Another little incident will illustrate the Rights of French Women.

Whilst taking a stroll through the forest of Guines, I observed several piles of fagot-wood of a peculiar construction. Each fagot was about seven feet long, and of a conical shape, like an enormous extinguisher, the point being formed by a tolerably stout stake. It will be seen that these, laid neck and heels together, pack as closely as our own cylindrical ones; perhaps more closely. So I thought that was the "wherefore." But we often fancy too hastily that we have fathomed the reason of all which we see.

Out of the forest, I was returning homewards; and, looking across country, a feeling came over me as if I were about to have a fit, or be subject to hallucinations. For there, down below, were half-a-dozen of these very fagots walking along, upright on end, with the big part of the extinguisher raised in the air. Imagine six gigantic peg-tops steadily proceeding to the nearest town. I could not see much of their small end, because they were travelling along a roadway, which would be called a lane at home, but which had no hedge or boundary, other than its depression in the earth, and was, in fact, only an exaggerated wheel-rut.

Soon they stopped, all still upright. My eyes had not deceived me, and I took courage. I approached; again they moved forward. Again they halted, and I overtook them. It was the height of absurdity;—each large, heavy fagot screened its bearer—a woman. All were now standing at ease. The fagot was slung to the shoulders in such a way, that, when the bearer stood upright, the peak of the extinguisher touched the ground. The ladies' legs were posted in such a position, that with the toe of the peg-top they formed perfect tripods. It was not exactly the attitude which Madame Michaux, that accomplished mistress of deportment, would have recommended to her advanced pupils, as a drawing-room position. None of Sir Thomas Lawrence's beauties would have consented to "sit" thus. Nevertheless, it was a posture of repose. Good-humor shone from every face, gabble flowed from every tongue. As I passed, I had a "*Bonjour, Monsieur*;" but all the rest of the conversation was as if every one of them was trying which could repeat fastest the celebrated Christmas forfeit,

Three blue beads in a blue bladder,
Rattle beads, rattle bladder.

Soon, with a hitch, the tripods were broken up, and I beheld six animated fagots wending their way to Guines, perhaps to cook my very own dinner.

"Now," thinks I, "if I could have conjured out of the earth half-a-dozen donkeys, while those females were practising their 'blue beads,' and have put the fagots upon them, leaving the human carriers unencumbered by a knapsack of brushwood, what would have been the consequence? Instead of getting a '*Bonjour, Monsieur*,' I should have been torn to pieces as an unprincipled reformer, meddling with the Rights of Women. What business had I to take the bread out of their mouths, by calling unnecessary donkeys into existence? How were the ladies to pass their time, if there were no wood to carry, and they were not to carry it? It was their pleasure so to work; and work they would, even if they had to massacre all

the donkeys in the world, and eat them afterwards."

Whenever a Madame Thomas Paine advocates the Rights of Woman in France, her first position will be that their special right is to work; and woe be to the man who tries to prevent it!

From the Examiner.

CLEANSING OF THEATRES IN ENGLAND.

In an excellently written article on the theatres, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we find a statement, to which (having ascertained its correctness) we are glad to give all the publicity we can.

Let us, for the satisfaction of all squeamish spinsters, and for the honor of the Haymarket lessee, announce a small fact which we think redounds greatly to his honor. Brazen-faced men in elegant apparel, it is, of course, impossible to exclude; but the moment the royal patronage was extended to the theatre, most rigid orders were given to the door-keepers and attendant police to exclude every brazen-faced personage of the other sex, however elegant might be her apparel. This holds good, not only on the evenings on which royalty condescends to share the gay or sad feelings of loyalty, but on all nights, and on all occasions. This is a sacrifice to propriety and decorum, which persons acquainted with the interior workings of a theatre have stated to us to amount to several thousands a year. Independent of the five-shilling payments made every night by forty or fifty of the Jzebels who used to flaunt in the upper circle, it is a moderate calculation to assume that the attraction of their presence allured to the theatre at least double that number of Tittlebats, and the other pillars of Mr. Tagrag's establishment; and if any person with a competent knowledge of arithmetic will find out the sum total of a hundred and fifty crowns, and multiply it by six, he will find out the weekly effect on the treasury of this very noble and praiseworthy conduct. The royal box brings in about two hundred a year, and can never be let for the benefit of the theatre on the most crowded nights. Go, therefore, in perfect safety to the Haymarket. If wickedness is there, it is completely in eclipse. Go; and the farces will improve in humor and refine in plot; Buckstone will be as ridiculous as ever, and give full scope to his wit and drollery without the slightest touch of the buffoon.

The writer ought to have mentioned that the rule thus adopted at the Haymarket Theatre has been also adopted at the Princess', and that it originated, as we believe, with her majesty the queen, who, having the example of Mr. Macready's management to show that the adoption of such a rule involved no hardship that could be justly complained of, has made it the condition of her continued visits to the establishments in question. Nothing has of late years done greater mischief to theatres than the feeling that the young of either sex could not safely visit them, since they were equally dependent for success on vicious excitements as on harmless amusement. Agreeing with the author of the paper just quoted that the populations of large cities cannot always be at books or lectures, that they must have entertainment of some kind, and can have none so agreeable, so civilizing, so healthful, as that of the stage when properly conducted, we are happy to make more widely known the fact that an improved public taste in the matter in question is generally admitted and deferred to, and that the instances of ill-conduct in theatrical management are rapidly becoming the marked exceptions.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

We are much indebted to the Booksellers, having lost ground by a long visit to New York and Philadelphia, and even now we shall be obliged to notice the volumes on our table less carefully than we ought.

Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions, by Robert C. Winthrop. This is a noble volume in size, printing, and paper; and its varied contents are of great interest and importance. Some of the late speeches, not of a political nature—for instance, that on the life and services of James Bowdoin—we were much disposed to make room for in our own columns; and rejoice to have them in a permanent form. Mr. Winthrop's course in public life, since we have been particularly interested in watching it, has been able, dignified, and judicious. He duly appreciated the character of our lamented President Taylor. We considered it a public loss when his reelection to the dignity of Speaker of the House of Representatives was defeated. However able his successor may have been thought by those who chose him, we presume that no one of them would think him in any respect superior to Mr. Winthrop, or equal to him in the highest quality for that post—fairness and impartiality. Published by LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

HARPER & BROTHERS have sent us the following:

Cosmos; A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Vol. iv. We receive every new volume of this great man with fear that it may be the last. Who is there to succeed him?

The Works of Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. In two vols. Dr. Olin was a shining light in the Methodist Church, and we hope to read his works with profit.

The Principles of Courtesy; with Hints and Observations on Manners and Habits. By G. W. Hervey. "A Christian is God Almighty's Gentleman; a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil's Christian."—*Arch-deacon Hare*.

A Manual of Grecian Antiquities. With numerous Illustrations. By Charles Anthon, LL. D.

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr. With Essays on his Character and Influence. By the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Lobdell. This work has been reviewed at length in former numbers of the Living Age.

The Two Families; an Episode in the History of Chapeleton. By the author of *Rose Douglass*.

Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings. By Daniel B. Woods. To how many books have the Californian and Australian discoveries of this precious metal given birth! They form "a sort" of Golden Age of Literature. Gold carries the Anglo-Saxon into almost immediate contact with the great Eastern hives of mankind.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, of the Book of Revelation. By Albert Barnes. This is the conclusion of the Notes on the New Testament, upon which this eminent clergyman has for several years been engaged. Their great sale in England, as well as in this country, has made Mr. Barnes' name familiar to everybody. We are very sorry to hear that long-continued application to the studies necessary to so great a work, has produced an effect upon his eyes, which has absolutely forced him to absent himself for a while from his ministerial labors. That he may soon return from Europe, strengthened in head and heart, is the earnest wish of many who do not belong to the same church with him—and even of those with whom he has had controversy.

The Daltons; or, Three Roads in Life. By Charles Lever.

Fulkenburg. A Tale of the Rhine. Icar; or, the Skjuts-boy. A Romance. By Miss Carlen.

Pequinillo. A Tale. By G. P. R. James.

These are Nos. 169 to 172 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels.

Bleak House, Nos. 1, 2, 3. By Charles Dickens. A neat edition.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

APPLETON'S POPULAR LIBRARY. Fifty cents a volume, in cloth. This is a very good collection; well edited, and well got up. The volumes, so far as published, are:

Essays from the London Times. Several of these have been reprinted before in the Living Age—for instance, an article on Swift. They are all good.

The Yellow Plush Papers. By W. M. Thackeray.

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell.

This work had before been separately published at our own office for 12½ cents, at which price we continue to supply it. It is certainly well worth the half a dollar, at which rate this edition is sold. This is the second instance in which Messrs. Appleton & Co. have disregarded what is called the "courtesy of the trade" in respect to us. The first time they pleaded ignorance. We can afford to forgive them; they must make a living.

A Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China. By M. Hue. In two volumes. This very interesting work has been favorably reviewed in former numbers of the Living Age. We advise all our readers to buy the book itself.

The Paris Sketch-Book. By W. M. Thackeray. In two vols.

Gaieties and Gravities. By Horace Smith.

The Ingoldsby Legends. By Barham.

Papers from the Quarterly Review. This contains five excellent articles, most of which have already been bound up with former volumes of the Living Age.

From the same great house we have received:

Madeleine; A Tale of Auvergne. By Julia Kavanagh. Founded on fact. This is highly praised by the papers.

Hearts Unveiled. By Sarah Emery Saymore.

The Days of Bruce. By Grace Aguilar. In two volumes.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York:

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY. This is done up in strong pasteboard covers, for mailing, at 25 cents a volume. It is also bound in cloth at 40 cents. Some of the volumes have already been mentioned, but we will recite them in order.

1. *Home and Social Philosophy; or, Chapters on Every-day Topics*. From Household Words. Edited by Charles Dickens.

2. *Whimsicalities*. By Thomas Hood. With Illustrations.

3. *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*. By F. L. Olmsted. This is original and copyrighted.

4. *The World Here and There; or, Travellers' Notes*. From Dickens' Household Words.

5. *Hood's Own*. Selected Papers. With Illustrations.

6. *Home Narratives*. From Household Words.

7. *Claret and Olives*. From the Garonne to the Rhone; or, Notes Picturesque and Legendary by the Way. By Angus B. Reach.

8. *A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway*. Translated from the German of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, by Charlotte Fenimore Cooper. With Map.

9. *A Book for a Corner*. By Leigh Hunt.

10 and 11. *Up the Rhine*. By Thomas Hood. With Comic Illustrations.

Other Works from Mr. PUTNAM:

1850 and 1851. *Supplement to the World's Progress*. Edited by G. P. Putnam.

Dollars and Cents. By Amy Lothrop. In two volumes. This is an original publication.

Horse-Shoe Robinson; A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy. By John P. Kennedy, author of the *Swallow Barn*. A beautiful edition.

